The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Cor. Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

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The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER AND SON.

Dorcas led the talk—partly from dissembled gaiety, and partly because her heart was really lightened of a great load; and leaving the main road about half a mile from the school-house, the little party struck into a path running through, and between hedges of bushes and briars—now over steep hills, and now into deep gullies, but in the main descending to a strip of flat land cut in two by a creek with which it was sometimes completely overflowed—the water was low just now—in some places contracted to a narrow channel, running swiftly, and leaving bare almost all its muddy bed, crossed with water-soaked logs, and roughly paved with gray and brown stones. In other places it widened, and lay in sluggish pools with a green and yeasty scum at the top, affording pleasant haunts to great numbers of white bellied frogs, brown, warty toads, and black snakes. It was not uncommon indeed to see two or three of the latter at one time, with heads lifted high, looping their ugly bodies along the surface of the stream. On either bank stood hundreds of white sycamores, leaning their green faces together, and whispering and kissing each other all night and all day. And close by the creek, and under the wide boughs of the great white trees, stood a little hut, built of rough logs, and here lived the father of Courtney Ludlow, a white-haired, crazy old man. The young girls walked with more timid steps as they approached the hut. They began to be afraid of everything, and everything seemed afraid of them. Even the old cow that stood knee-deep in the water, with a rusty bell strapped on her neck, and long ridges above her ribs, lifted up her drooping head, and twisting her burry tail high above her back, gallopped off at their approach, and the flock of bright-eyed hens, picking grass at the door of the hut, became suddenly wild as hawks, and under the leadership of a black-winged, long-legged cock, with comb notched like a saw, and red as fire, ran nimbly away. The great square-headed watch dog, wallowing in his dust-bed at the door, after thumping the ground a little with his big tail, dropt it between his legs and shied off.

Except the little clearing in which the cabin stood, the woods were dense everywhere, the natural gloom being largely enhanced by the smoke of the lime kilns, burning from year's end to year's end, and along the stony creek, and deep among the hills.

"Poor old grand-father, what makes him live here alone?" said Theresa, as they approached the weather-beaten door, fastened to a staple, by padlock and chain.

"'Cause his beautiful son an' him have different religions, and can't live together," replied Sally, who was never at a loss for an answer.

"I thought *religion* was all one thing," Theresa said, in simple wonder.

"One thing!" cried Sally. "Why there's as many kinds 'n our house, as there are folks. I guess 'f you'd hear 'em quarrel about it, you'd think they had different kinds. All but the boys an' me, we haint got none, and we're peaceable. Mose came pretty nigh getting some, to camp-meeting last year, so nigh that he refused to speak to Is'rl an' me for a day or two, but he did'nt quite get it, an' so he come round, an' was as good natur'd as ever!

"But you don't mean to say it was religion that made grandfather crazy?" Theresa went on.

Yes 't was, they say the devil used t'pear to him, and you know his tail used to be so much bigger an' blacker an' what 'tis now, that for my part, I don't wonder he went crazy." They repeated their knocks on the door, till the chain with which it was fastened rattled again, but they got no other answer, and were turning away, when the old man they sought was seen approaching, and Sally, intent upon her fortune, ran forward to meet him.

A fantastic picture he made, coming down the smoky hill-side, his white hair blowing about his wrinkled forehead, his beard far down his bosom, his feet bare, and his hunting-shirt of red woollen stuff girt about him with a piece of common rope. He had been watching the lime-kilns, a favorite pastime, and the fierce fires and molten stones had wrought up his imagination to a pitch of wildest phrensy, for he stopped often to fight the air, throwing himself two or three times upon the ground with the force of the blows he dealt upon nothing.

"Come 'long! come 'long!" cried Sally, as soon as she was near enough to speak, "don't stay fighting the air, but come and tell my fortune!"

He did come faster than she desired, for in such strange contests as now engrossed him, he was impatient of interruption, much more of opposition, and before Sally suspected, she found herself headlong on the ground.

"Lie there," he said, "'till you cease to be a mocker," turning fiercely upon Theresa—but she gave him to understand in some gentle way that she came in the spirit of reverence not of mockery; and after a little, the fit passed away; and seating himelf on a heap of clay, that had been thrown up by the falling of a tree, he proceeded to tell in the most perfect good faith about his dreams and visions, and his intercourse with demons and angels.

Presently he covered his eyes with his hands, as from some terrible sight, and began to sight and moan piteously to himself. "He saw," he said, "a child, that seemed to be the son of his son, drowning in the creek—and it is not," he said, "a little, sunken stream, such as *you* see it, but wide and roaring like a river, and bearing along fragments of houses, great pieces of timber, and trees, which it has uprooted—poor child! he is dead, dead. God's will be done!"

Sally crept timidly forward, and begged that he would tell her fortune.

He fixed his keen, grey eyes upon her and said, after a moment's silence—"I would rather not tell your fortune, my child!"

Theresa drew closer, in order to catch every word, half-believing him inspired, instead of insane. If he did not read her thoughts, he read her kindly interest in him, and placing one hand on her shoulder said: "I wish I could see brighter things for you."

Theresa inquired what he saw.

"A funeral, my little one, and you among the mourners—but you must not ask further, it grows dark and I can't see."

"Come, Gran'-daddy, tell me about my husband!" cried Sally, "will he be rich?"

"I see you an old woman in the house where you was born," answered the old man, solemnly, "and I don't see any husband for you."

"O you just want to be cross with me!" cried Sally, "an' I don't b'lieve a word you say! Come, girls, let's go!" And she set off with a wild skip and jump toward the creek.

"Not there! don't cross there!" cried the old man, hurrying after her, and pointing with his stick to the water—"it's just there—just under that bank yonder, that I see my grandchild drowning! The waters are over him, now he throws up his hands! There, he's gone! he's gone! The waters have closed together, and he'll never come up."

As the young girls looked back from the next hill-side, they saw him poking with his stick where the waters had gathered in a black and sullen pond.

The lowering clouds had knit themselves into one leaden sheet by this time, and there was a feeling of rain in the air.

"What if Grandfather's prophesy should come true?" said Theresa, addressing herself timidly to Dorcas, as they went along.

"What if these clouds should put out the sun!" replied the sister, and nothing more was said till they reached the summit of a hill overlooking the schoolmaster's house, when it was perceived that little Charley, who had been

lost sight of, was sitting on the gable end of the roof—his feet dangling down against the wall, and his hands in his pockets. Theresa sunk to the ground wringing her hands.

"Lord 'mercy!" cried Sally, "he'll tumble off an' break 's neck-'s sure 's the world!"

But Dorcas, manifesting no sign of emotion, kept straight on till she got within speaking distance, when she quietly called the boy to come down and open the door for her, and as he scampered across the roof and disappeared through the scuttle, she transferred her interest to the grounds about the house, where everything betokened the negligent carelessness of the master; fences broken, garden run to weeds, orchard-trees tangled together, or tumbled down, and lying as they had fallen; the general aspect of things, in that ruinous state, that is so much more melancholy than ruin.

The house was built of gray stones, cemented with white mortar, and with its many columned portico, roof of red slate, surmounting cupola, and tall chimneys, produced quite a picturesque effect on the landscape, more especially when it was partially hidden by the knotty old oaks, that stood irregularly about the door-yard, as it was, in the time of their full foliage.

The house, and all about it, had been falling to ruins, now some twenty-five years or more. It had been built, and was owned by the father of Courtney Ludlow, and while the workmen were yet busy with paint and frescoe, he appeared among them one day, and with frightened and fearful looks, told them the work could go no further, till the wife and mistress, now lying very ill in the north chamber, should be able herself to give the orders. She never gave the orders—the first time the great hall was thrown open, it was for the procession that followed her coffin.

From the day of the funeral, the proprietor of the finest farm and grandest house in the neighborhood walked in a shadow that deepened and darkened as he went along, till the once clear intellect, and tender heart, were closed up in the darkness of insanity.

Courtney, a child of four or five years at the time of his mother's death, grew up in the desolate house, with no companionship but that of his crazy father, and of his dogs and horses, the latter the more humanizing of the two; and when he was fifteen, he was as shy and as wild as the wood-birds and the squirrels that, above all things, he delighted to hunt.

About this time, owing to the interference of some relative, whose zeal outran his discretion, the father was placed in a lunatic asylum, and the son in a military school, from which he was, in the course of a year or two, expelled for insubordination, and by the same zealous instrumentality sent to college. In his twenty-second year he returned to the old place, as handsome a young fellow as ever pen or pencil painted, and with a smile and manner that caught the hearts of the rustic girls like a net. He at first enlisted the good will of the whole neighborhood by bringing home his father, and exhausting all conceivable means for his restoration. But all availed nothing; indeed, the old man became more and more intolerable, spent whole nights and days in the company of spirits, as he said, and finally protesting that the homestead was the habitation of demons, with whom his son was in league. In the end, he cut loose from all civilized ways and habits—built the hut in the woods, where he lived, as has been stated, sleeping on a bed o dry leaves, and subsisting on the wild birds he snared, and the vegetables he cultivated.

Courtney, with a feeling half filial, half chivalrous, refused to receive from the estate any benefit whatever, and though by fits he occupied the old house, he neither entertained guests, nor made it in any way available except as a shelter. More than half the time, indeed—and sometimes or a year or two together, the young man was off—heaven only knows where—was exploring foreign seas, and now trapping and shooting on the Pacific slope, sleeping in a wigwam or on the dead leaves, as it happened, riding an Indian pony without bridle or saddle, and lassoing a buffalo cow, or shooting a young bear for his dinner. Always swinging from one wild adventure to another, and turning nowhere his brilliant endowments to wise or profitable uses.

He now and then flitted across the familiar landscape like an exhalation of the morning, and vanished, drawing after him mingled admiration, wonder, fear, and hatred.

Charley did not immediately rejoin his companions, and Sally, eager to see what she could see, made haste to give a thump at the rusty knocker.

To the surprise and consternation of Dorcas, the door was opened by the schoolmaster himself, and as with flushed cheeks she began her explanation and apologies, he gaily and politely interposed—might he beg that the rod of her displeasure—it she had one in pickle—would descend upon *his* shoulders. His was the sole fault—he had fallen in with Charley, and carried him off, to dazzle him with the sight of his Cleopatra—the most beautiful mare in the world. And by the way, wouldn't you like to see her, my dears? No, no! No scolding for Charley, lifting his finger towards the frowning face of Dorcas—the little dash of spirit he had shown more than outweighed the slight indiscretion, surely.

"But come, you will find my Cleopatra scarcely less splendid than the famous serpent of old Nile." He felt how much undeserving he was of the favor he asked—"but you remember, men have dared to entertain angels before now!"

He led the way, and following through the great halls and past the gloomy winding staircase, both of which seemed to them very fine, they entered a side room and beheld a beautiful young mare feeding from a manger, the foundation of which was an elegant carved mantel-piece. The walls were garnished with silver-mounted harness, saddles and bridles of foreign styles and curious workmanship, together with two or three highly ornamented "*dress suits*" for the favored Cleopatra. She appeared little pleased with her visitors, pawed holes in her carpet of saw-dust, and, twisting her neck round upon her glossy shoulder, turned out the pink lining of her nostrils, set back her quivering ears, and withdrawing all weight from one of her hinder feet, defied familiar approach.

"Who's afraid!" cried Sally, making a sudden dash with her old sun-bonnet.

The mare reared, broke her halter, and came back upon her haunches, almost at the feet of the frightened little company. The master had his arms about the slender neck in a moment, and with a few caresses and gentle repetitions of her name, brought her to her feet, and directly she stood, her head drooping down to his knee, and the fire in her eyes dying down to the softness of dew. As he petted and coaxed her, he took from his pocket a netted purse of crimson silk, with which he tied the links of the broken halter together; this done, he returned to the young girls, and crumpling them all in his arms together, as if they had been so many rosebuds, proposed, by way of making amends for the fright he had occasioned, to show them his own den, where there were some curiosities—not so splendid as Cleopatra, to be sure, but still worth seeing. Sally he pushed along by one shoulder, and Theresa he led by the fingers, as though they were a pair of little girls. And Rosamond would not refuse the charity of a smile when it would so illuminate the walls of his gloomy prison! When the young ladies found themselves in the "*den*," they had never been so dazzled, so charmed and so thoroughly uncomfortable.

He showed them a rosary formed of many colored and curiously carved beads, "this is to tell your prayers upon," he said, throwing it about the neck of Dorcas, and hurried away to fetch the skull of an Indian princess, surmounted by a crown of feathers—scarlet, green, and a golden brown. Of curious old books, bows and arrows, war-clubs, lassoos, "sharp-shooters," scalping-knives, fossils, bears claws and birds wings; there was a medley of which there seemed to be no end.

The furniture proper was careless and inharmonious enough, but the whole effect to the unaccustomed eyes that saw it, was half bewildering, half imposing. The Turkey carpet was partlycovered with rugs of leopard and lion skins, the antique chairs were loaded with dusty old books: and upon the inlaid table were many beautiful articles, of whose meaning and use the schoolgirls could form no idea. There were half a dozen sleepy dogs about the hearth, and a parrot chattering profanely from its gilded cage on the wall-side.

When the old negress, who kept the house, appeared in flaunting turban and snowy apron, and offered wine, Sally, for one, felt herself insulted by the dainty little glasses and the silver salver, and slipping through a side door, ran away with that rude informality of which she was so completely the mistress.

The little party, once more reunited, made haste, for it was growing dark now, and directly leaving the main road, turned into the grassy lane leading to Mr. Ripley's house.

The creeking clap-board gate swung back with a slam, the toothless old watch-dog growled a surly welcome, and a few yards away Aunt Lydia herself was seen approaching from the great out of door baking oven, a tired, tender smile on her face, and a platter of smoking sweet cakes in her hand.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF A FEMALE ASTRONOMER.—*The City Press* (London, England) records the death of Mrs. Janet Taylor, who for many years was a teacher of navigation at 104 Minories, London. By her singular abilities in that branch of science, she gained the confidence and approval of the Board of Admiralty and the Trinity Brethren, as well as several foreign powers, from whom she received medals for her various publications on navigation and astronomy, and also improvements she made in many nautical instruments, and she was in receipt of a pension from the Civil List of the British government.

A MRS. PARKER, of Vineland, N. J., is now manufacturing 3,000 straw hats per week for Philadelphia firms. She has in her employ 400 women.

"THE MAN SHE LOVED, AND THE MAN SHE MARRIED."

One Saturday afternoon, when Elwina Graves had just counted her nineteenth birthday, Farmer Graves went to Oxford for the mail. It had been his regular habit on all the Saturdays that lay within his daughter's memory; if the custom had been omitted for any less reason than death in the family, his household would have been prepared to hear that he had determined to sell his farm and follow the tide of empire westward. To perform this duty was, in fact, one article in a religious creed peculiar to himself; there were five other articles, in the observance of which he was no less strict. From June to October, on Sabbath mornings, with his own hand, he unlocked and set wide open the front door, never missed "forenoon" church, Fourth of July celebrations, or the annual camp-meetings, and had always conscientiously voted the straight democratic ticket, since there had been such a ticket to vote. This "going for the mail" was usually fruitful of nothing but the Methodist *Advocate*, and that slumbered in security in his coat-pocket till after Sunday's dinner, when he produced it for his own gratification. That there was any selfishness in such mode of proceeding had never entered his head, and had one intimated that wife or daughter would be the better of some mental food of their own choosing, he would have been scandalized. At long intervals, varying this programme, a letter arrived from some of the "connection," and was read aloud to the assembled family. Usually it hailed from one of "the boys," either John, who had moved to Illinois, because "the land which had been good enough for his father and grandfather before him, wasn't good enough for him," or from Henry, who had crossed the plains to California, and "didn't amount to much" Farmer Graves feared. The sons had left home, in truth, not because they were wild or disposed to commit any heinous sins, but their father's ways had been hard ways, and they believed that something better lay beyond the hills. For Elwina, too, the ways were hard, but not quite so hard. She was the youngest, and before she came five graves had been made in the family burying ground, and the making of them had softened the father's heart; then she was the only girl, and before she was grown, things were so changed that Mrs. Graves "kept help" the year round. At fifteen Elwina had been sent thirty miles away, to the new Female College, in accordance with a decision at which the father arrived in the depths of his own consciousness. Mrs. Graves was ambitious for her daughter, and had cherished ever so faint a hope that by coaxing and management her husband might be brought to give his consent to some such step, but when, without any management, her husband announced his determination, it took Mrs. Graves several weeks to recover from the shock. She went about her house in fear and trembling, and would not have been surprised if, at any minute, the earth had opened and swallowed it up. In due time Elwina had gone, and in due time returned, with a manner that in the language of the period, would be termed "stylish"—some notions which were good, and some not destined to add to her comfort in doing her duty in that sphere of life to which God had called her. She possessed also a moderate amount of knowledge, and several friendships which were to last for ever, she imagined. Two years had passed since then—the friendships were numbered with the "have beens," but some of the notions remained, a wish, like her brothers had entertained before her, for "something better, and a conviction that she "was never made to be the wife of Dick Seeley!" but then Dick was the best-looking fellow for miles around, and his father owned more land than any of the neighbors, bought a farm every year. His last purchase lay next Mr. Graves's and was called Dick's. Sometimes Elwina found herself planning how the old house on it could be altered, and what with blinds and porches made to resemble Judge Gholson's "villa," near the Female College, for Dick was in love with her, and had been any time these dozen years. It seemed to be her fate to marry him, and she would have done so and been happy, doubtless, but on this particular Saturday Farmer Graves, in addition to the *Advocate*, brought home a letter addressed "Mrs. Abner Graves." That made no difference to Mr. Graves, who satisfied his curiosity as to the contents as he jogged along the turnpike. Not until supper was over and Elwina off walking, on a carpet made of the yellow and red and brown of October leaves, with Dick Seeley by her side, not until then was the letter, which was to change the world for her, brought out and read to Mrs. Graves:

New York, October 8th, 1860.

My Dear Sister: I received a letter from you some time ago, which I have never answered. Since then I have been in great trouble. You will be surprised, I know, to hear that my husband is dead. It is nearly two months ago now, but I have not written sooner, because there has been so much confusion, and I was at a perfect loss what to do. Poor, dear Mr. McGee had a stroke a year ago, and has never been a well man since, but he didn't suffer much. He was pleased to exhibit the confidence he has always felt in me, and what he left me is my own, to dispose of as I wish, though there are those who would have it otherwise. I have decided to remain just as I am, for the present, but I find it very lonesome. I want you to lend me your little girl. I suppose she is not a little girl now, though she was when I saw her last. Probably she hasn't much recollection of her aunt Ellen. If you allow her to come I shall be glad of her company, and perhaps may be able to do something for her. You may have wondered that I never made such a request before, but we can't always do what we like, and Mr. McGee never was fond of having people in the house. If your girl is too young, or you are afraid to have her travel alone, you may hear of some one coming this way. Tell her she must expect it to be dull, for I shall have to keep quiet on account of poor Mr. McGee. Then followed inquiries as to the welfare of Mr. Graves, the whereabouts of John and Henry, ending with minute directions as to her niece's journey, and igned, your affectionate sister, Ellen H. McGee.

A long consultation followed the reading of this, and several more, before they agreed that Elwina should be allowed to go. Then of course she was told of the bright prospect before her. Had the decision been unfavorable, it is safe to say she would never have heard of the invitation, "for the child had enough kinks in her head already." Mrs. Graves favored the idea, and brought her husband to take her view of it. Very possibly she had some conception of what a woman suffers when she marries a man without loving him, and a truer appreciation than Mr. Graves of the real size of Dick Seeley's acres. Indeed, Mr. Graves was a near man, and we may be sure his wife would not let him forget that capability on the part of her sister, of disposing as she pleased of her own. Probably it was in his mind, when he wrote that his daughter would leave about the 10th of November. The intervening weeks were busy ones.

Elwina couldn't sleep at night for excitement, and snubbed Dick Seeley without a pang. 'Tis true that when she parted from her mother she tried vainly to keep back the tears, and had it not been for very shame, would have refused to go at the last minute; but then the novelty of having started on such a long journey alone, occupied her at first, and when she began to feel more at ease she found herself thinking about Aunt Elen, and wondering what the new life would be like.

When she was nine instead of nineteen she had gone with her father and mother to New York. The image of her aunt was indistinct, but she had a vivid recollection of the fob-chain worn by Mr. McGee, and of the awe inspired by the black man who waited on the table, and of her inability to eat all she wanted on account of his presence. The visit was never returned and never repeated, and she was well used to hearing her mother say, "Elen had changed so, there was no comfort seeing her; what with her black man and her carriage, her diamond ring and fear of Mr. McGee's aristocratic daughters, she should hardly have known her sister." In the eyes of Mrs. Graves, the black man was the most crying sin of all. Elwina, thinking of these things, was certain she had been a goose in consenting to go where, in all likelihood, she would only be made to feel uncomfortable, too. When her destination was reached, she was very tired and very nervous. But Aunt Elen met her, and at once her fears vanished. Mrs. McGee was a fussy, little woman, with no style worth mentioning, but she saw that what she lacked, her niece possessed, and desired nothing better than to give her an opportunity of making the most of it. Elwina had only to enter in and take possession of all the good things. After all, she belonged to a later generation than her mother, and the things seemed very good to her, carriage and black man included; even the aristocratic daughters were nice in their way, they were married now, had homes of their own, to which they very kindly invited her. Spite of the mourning and the not being in society, the life they led seemed gay to her; naturally enough, she fell into the new ways, and was convinced she had found the very nook in the world that suited her.

When Farmer Graves went to Oxford now, he always brought back a letter from her, filled with the merry doings of the week before. Often Dick Seeley would be there listening, while the father read them aloud, and at such times Dick's heart would sink very low. No wonder his heart did sink, for of course Elwina had admirers and of course she wrote of them to her mother. As the months passed, Dick noticed that two names occurred very often. When ten months had gone, she wrote "her conscience was troubling her for remaining so long away, she wanted to see her mother and the old place, and she was coming home; and she came in June, when the roses were the sweetest. Mrs. Graves had not been unmindful of the mention of the two names any more than Dick—she was confident Elwina was to marry one of the gentlemen, and the coming home was to say good bye. In her experience, a man didn't pay so much attention to a girl without he liked her, and when he liked her he married her if he could, so she prepared to accept either Mr. Lansing or Mr. Hatcher as a son-in-law, and felt more of pride than sorrow in the conviction that she was about to lose her daughter. She said, after all she didn't believe she had any choice between them. "Jack Lansing (Elwina always wrote of him as Jack) was quite young, a nephew of Mr. McGee's, who almost lived in the house, and it seemed as if he couldn't do enough for Elwina, thought

nothing good enough for her. Mr. Hatcher, his name was John, too, lived in Philadelphia, was a lawyer, and had something to do about Mr. McGee's estate, which brought him often to New York. He was older than Jack Lansing, and didn't have any such fortune, but she guessed he was a man who would have everything plenty about him, and take good care of a wife. "We may be sure the praises of both gentleman were sounded in the ears of poor Dick Seeley, though heaven knows he had never denied the daughter's claims to admiration. When Elwina came at last and owned that she was not engaged to either of them, was never to be married at all as she knew of, Mrs. Graves felt that she had received a blow; so also Mr. Graves, who said no good came of trying to push yourself up where you didn't belong; he rather thought the year had been wasted, especially as his daughter appeared to care less than ever for Dick Seeley. Girls must have a confidant, and it speaks well for them when they choose their mothers. Mrs. Graves soon knew Elwina's heart as well as the heart knew itself. "Jack Lansing was just as good as he could be, she said, she liked him as well as if he had been a brother. When the spring came and she mentioned leaving, Jack had proposed that she should remain as his wife, thereby following the path Mrs. McGee had marked out for him to tread. Somehow Elwina found herself obliged to say "no," though she tried to make it "yes," for she knew she was disappointing her aunt and banishing herself from the life she loved.

Mr. Hatcher was in the way, with his big black eyes, and mournful looks and easy manner. Before she had thought of danger, the mischief had been done. Mr. Hatcher was so much older than herself, then he had never paid her compliments, or seemed to regard her as more than a school girl, had told her he did not like her name of Graves, and proceeded to call her Elwina in his quiet way from the first. As for Mr. Hatcher he had not thought of danger either. To him, with nearly fifty years of life and sad experience, it was pleasant to be with such a sunny, hopeful nature as Elwina; he looked upon her indeed as almost a child, and one who had been defrauded of her rightful share of the gaities she loved, and he determined to do what he could toward making up the deficiency. So he found himself called to New York on business, oftener than ever before, and at last began making the journey with the avowed object of taking his young friend to see a new play, or hear the latest singer from the other side. Not till he heard she was going did he realize what had happened him; know how hard he had been hit, and feel that if Elwina dropped out of his life, it would be left a blank. She could not speak to him of her refusal of Jack, and say that because of that circumstance it had become uncomfortable for her to remain with her aunt, but she said to herself I shall tell him myself that I am going away, and there was a little hope hidden down deep in her heart, that when she did so tell him, he would take her in his arms, and bid her never leave him. It so happened he came in earlier than usual the evening after she had made her decision, and was told that Miss Graves had not yet come down. In the parlor he found Mrs. McGee, who with a little ill-concealed air of gratification, said Elwina was late, for she had been dining with a friend and Jack had only just brought her home. Mr. Hatcher felt a pang at hearing this, certainly, and it is possible Mrs. McGee knew the fact would not be pleasant to him, but would be good for him nevertheless. Then she communicated the news of her niece's forthcoming departure, and the lesser pang was swallowed up in the dull ache which filled his heart and told him instantly that he had been on ground which had proved treacherous. But in a moment he was able to ask in a voice which he believed did not betray him, "if the determination had not been suddenly made." Then other friends came in, he was saved the necessity of further speech. Elwina entering presently as she shook hands with him, became aware that he had been told, though he spoke no word. All the evening she felt his eyes upon her, and indeed they were. Of all the pictures he possessed of her, one as she appeared now, was destined to be most distinct, to come before him the oftenest when he was trying to forget. She sat there growing paler as the minutes passed, and gradually pulled to pieces leaf by leaf some flowers she carried; bright red flowers they were; of Jack's chosing, Mr. Hatcher thought, but they were surrounded by geranium leaves, and he remembered how he had told her of his liking for their perfume. As he watched her he resolved to abandon all possible hope of ever being more to her than any common friend. Acting on this resolution, he was the first to go, and then he did approach and say some few words: "You really mean to leave us?"

"I mean it, Mr. Hatcher."

"Oh! my child, do not." And his great need of her spoke out in spite of him.

"It is my duty," said Elwina, and while she stood there with him, she felt it was her duty, and her only salvation, to get away from his influence as quickly as possible.

"It is my duty, and it is hard, Heaven knows; but if you had one to perform you would be brave and not hesitate, would you not?"

"I should try," he answered, and dropped her hand, which, till then, he had held in both his own.

"Elwina," cried Aunt Elen, who thought the leave-taking had lasted quite long enough, "all our friends are deserting us. Here is Mr. Sloane waiting to bid you good night. Mr. Hatcher, you are not saying good bye as well as good night, surely! Are you going to Philadelphia, and don't you expect to come over again before Elwina leaves?"

"I fear I shall not be in the city again, and I am going home on the late train. Elwina, I shall think of you every minute till I hear you are gone, and then try my best to forget you."

Elwina felt that this was, indeed, a parting, which promised no hope for the future, and was wretched accordingly, for the next two days; then came a reprieve:

PHILADELPHIA, June 10th, 186-.

DEAR FRIEND: Will you ride with me on Tuesday?

Very truly yours, JOHN L. HATCHER.

He had persuaded himself he must see her once more; it was a duty, and he had not forgotten how Elwina looked when she said, "If you had a duty to perform, you wouldn't hesitate, would you?" It was only simple justice to them both that she should know the truth. When one determines to do right, no matter how painful the consequences, one ought to experience some little feeling of contentment in his own mind, but the sending of the note brought no comfort to Mr. Hatcher. A dozen times he was tempted not to fulfil the engagement he had made. Elwina would think him a scamp, but what matter; that would only aid her in forgetting him, and he was aware she stood in need of such aid, for when he made the discovery of his own condition, he also realized hers. However, when Tuesday came, Elwina was not kept waiting, and she never knew his coming had been doubtful. Hope had been busy at her heart since she had his note, and it was an effort for her to appear natural, and maintain some show of conversation. She had not much help from her companion. Not till they were driving homeward, did he find courage for a word he had come to say. Had it been a different story he had come to tell, speech had not failed him. A gentleman driving slowly, like themselves, passed, and as he bowed to Mr. Hatcher, Elwina asked if he wasn't the ghost of the melancholy Dane? and added, "that he looked as if he had lost his last friend." Mr. Hatcher told her he had many friends, but "sometimes," said he, "fate deals a man such hard knocks that not only his face, but his life, is spoiled." Then a very happy idea came to him. "I think of a friend of mine now who got one such blow early in life, which is likely to last him always. When I first knew him, long ago, he was a young man, no better or worse than the generality. His misfortune came to him in the guise of a blessing. While he was at college, before he was twenty years old, he fell in love, or thought he fell in love. The girl was an invalid, small and slender. She was older than my friend, but then he thought that no drawback. Without doubt she loved him, not because of his wealth, but perhaps from the attraction a strong, healthful nature has for a weak and feeble one. The course of their love ran very smoothly; they were engaged, and to be married as soon as my friend's college days were over. He had no mother, poor fellow; so he went to his father, full of hopes and plans for the future; but the father said very bitter things—his son appeared to him a mere boy, who didn't know his own mind, and if he had a wife couldn't take care of her—he didn't like the girl's family, she was poor, older than his son, and had entrapped him for the sake of his money. My friend was bound to resent this, so they quarreled, and it is one of the great griefs of the son's life that before they were reconciled the father died. The time for the wedding had nearly arrived, when one day he received a call from an old gentleman whom he knew to be the friend, as well as physician, of his promised wife—the doctor had been to the girl and her father; and now came to him—if he loved her, he must give her up—marriage for her was simply certain death. After a while they were brought to believe the truth of this verdict; and, in some poor fashion, reconciled themselves to the prospect of never being nearer to each other. Then, voluntarily, my friend swore to be faithful to her forever—never to marry another while she lived. "This all happened thirty years ago, long before you were born, just think of it." And Mr. Hatcher looked at Elwina for the first time. "Well! he has kept his faith, and she is living yet. All this while he has been dragging a great weight about, for before he was twenty-five he knew he had never loved the girl, had not known what love was, and had he been free would never have chosen such an one. All these years he has kept close watch over his heart, and till now he has been safe, now when he had almost ceased to quarrel with destiny and was becoming reconciled to his fate, when his hair had turned gray, when after saying often to himself, "I am growing old," he had begun to realize the fact so clearly he had no need of a reminder; now he has to face a great temptation, he sees that even yet there is the possi-

bility of happiness for him, and plainly, too, he sees that he must let it pass out of his reach and make no sign—he alone must cherish no hope of ever owning a heart and home. I am wrong there, though. The woman for whom he sacrificed himself loves him, with the poor love she is capable of. She is altogether dependent on him, too, for years ago her father died. She is no more of an invalid now than any time these thirty years, but she believes so firmly that he loves her as he did in that early time, that he sees in her just what he saw then, she has taught herself to lean upon him so trustingly that I verily believe if she were undeceived now, it would be the death of her. Every few weeks he used to visit her, now he goes every few months, but they have no tastes in common, her companionship is nothing to him, and each year he has grown farther from her. My friend has made money and reputation, possibly there are those who think him fortunate, but to-night he feels it were better for him had he never been born. Do you give him your pity, Elwina?" and again he looked at her. She made no answer, the tears were falling fast for him, for herself, and she made no attempt to stay them. So with no more words they came home, and Jack Lansing happening to appear just then around the corner, assisted Elwina to alight, but it was dusk and Jack never saw the tears. Mr. Hatcher said a simple "good-bye," two hands were clasped and unclasped, and then looking back he saw her vanish, and Jack Lansing closing the door which shut her away from him forever.

This was the story to which Mrs. Graves listened, very sympathizingly, it is true, but the hearing of it made her an enemy of Mr. Hatcher and induced her to give Dick Seeley a warmer welcome than she had ever vouchsafed him before. Now Elwina could hear no bitter things of Mr. Hatcher, and she was not prepared to install Dick in his place at such short notice. Life in Oxford seemed infinitely worse than ever, and she tried vainly to feel an interest even in the celebration on the "fourth" or the August camp-meeting. In the fall Jack Lansing came to see her, Jack, who was a brave lover, and said he "should never give her up till he saw her married to another." She found his companionship very comforting after her dreary summer, but he went away without her. Then Aunt Ellen wrote how sadly she missed her, if her neice would only come back to her she would forgive her if she never married Jack. This, too, she refused; then other days came, long, winter ones these, and in the spring Jack came back again. One of these same spring days Mr. Hatcher either had some news, or made up his mind he couldn't stand it any longer, at any rate, he went up to the little village where the romance of his college days had taken place, and when he returned sent off a letter to Elwina, more eloquent than any of the pleas to judge or jury on which his reputation was founded. In two days he had his answer—his own letter unopened, and a line from Mrs. McGee, to whom, not knowing her neice's address, he had sent the letter, requesting her to forward it. Judging that it was news to him, Mrs. McGee was happy to inform him that she had seen the dearest wish of her heart realized the week before, in the marriage of her nephew Jack and Elwina. They had spent two days with her and sailed in the Saturday's steamer for Europe. Under the circumstances she was in doubt as to whether he would wish the letter forwarded, so returned it with Elwina's address, which for the present would be at M. M. Lacledo & Cie., Banquiors, 40 Reue De Provence, Paris, France.

DOT AND I.—BOY AND GIRL.

NO. V.

Rattle-te-bang! Rattle te-bang!
Heigh up and heigh oh!
Rattle-te-bang! Rattle-te-bang!
Hurrah! How we go!

This impromptu nonsense, and more of the same sort, amused three of us a little while ago, as we rocked together in one chair before the glowing, open wood fire. To Birdie it was a rollicksome ride over prairie, and through forest. To Dot it was simply good fun. To me it was a happy little play spell with my babies. Then Dotty yawned and threw back her head, saying unmistakably, "Please put me to bed."

Little darling! To whom is the praise chiefly due that she goes to bed so nicely? I should not dare expect it of another child, but there is a good deal in the fact that I never try to *make* her go to sleep—I only act in agreement with her mood. Wide awake when I put her in bed, she gives a grateful flutter of the arms, and her happy way of breathing plainly says, "Thank you! This suits me, for I wanted to go to bed." Sometimes she is fairly asleep before I finish tucking up the clothes, and sometimes I lie beside her, holding the lovely little hands in one of mine till sleep has quieted them.

While putting the two children to bed, I was mentally comparing them. To me, the boy seems just like a boy, and the girl just like a girl, and I think I should guess their sex correctly if I did not know it, but I am not *sure*. Nature makes so many exceptions to her "general rules." For instance, two cowlicks on the forehead of the brown-eyed boy give his hair a tendency to part evenly in the middle, while the soft locks of the blue-eyed girl do their best to part on one side, or on both sides rather than in the middle.

So, in running the line of sex through all things, in heaven and on earth, it will not do to say the hair of the male human being always parts on one side of the head, while that of the female invairably parts in the middle. If I firmly held that opinion, and should always brush their hair in accordance with it, nature would soon yield to me, no doubt, and the appearance of the children when grown up would go to confirm that theory in others. This would be quite as reasonable as most theories are, with regard to the distinguished characteristics of the two sexes.

It seems to me that if God had given these two little ones to us just as they are, we (the parents) being just as we are now, and I had known nothing of the opinions and customs of the world outside this little clearing in the forest concerning the proper manner of educating boys and girls, and concerning the parts in life they are expected to fill as men and women, I should suppose they ought to be brought up about alike.

There is nothing in their physical functions to lead me to suppose that one needs different diet, or clothing, or experience from the other. I should infer that as both possess the same mental faculties, both require the same advantages for developing their faculties. It would seem entirely reasonable that both should be trained to the same standard of morals, both be taught to cultivate the same "fruits of the spirit," I should think it just and proper that each should have a fair chance to develop any special talent, as for cookery, like Prof. Blot; for sculpture, like Harriet Hosmer; for story telling, like Dickens; or for scientific pursuits, like Mrs. Sommerville.

But suppose I dress the little boy in strong, warm garments, and allow him to spend most of his time in childhood out of doors, chasing squirrels, digging in the ground, building falls and mill-dams in the little brooks, climbing trees, racing with young calves, getting strong of limb and rosy and brown with health,—while I keep my pretty daughter in the house, except in the fairest weather, and then burden her with so many injunctions not to leave off her sun-bonnet and get tanned, not to soil her clothes by playing in the dirt, or tear them by climbing fences and trees, and not to go here and not to go there, that out door exercise is a *farce*, will not the boy, though of no better physical constitution orginally, stand a far better chance than his sister of growing strong and healthy? I might increase this distinction in the physical strength of the two, after they are grown up, by dressing her in garments that obstruct the natural functions of the vital organs, and crowd the abdominal viscera down into uncomfortable and unhealthful positions, and in skirts that sop up the mud and water, and wipe up the dust, and require the aid of the hands in their management almost constantly, acting as a perpetual friction to hinder activity, while the young man goes about his work and his sports untortured and untrammeled by any such barbaric clothing. Seeing the two then, who would say, "Behold woman as God made her!" What blasphemy!

Suppose we teach the boy to expect to maintain himself by some business, trade or profession, and early begin the training of his executive faculties, giving him such a course of studies at school as will prepare him for practical life among his fellows; while we educate the girl to believe that the best thing she can do is to catch a decent husband, after which she only need to know how to keep her husband's house and serve as an ornament to him when in society, so that accomplishments and such a smattering of languages and sciences as will enable her to have some idea of what men are saying and doing, are about all the "education" she will need. Under such circumstances, which will be likely to display most intellectual strength? After such a course toward each, what theory will be *proved* with regard to the intellectual characteristics of the two sexes?

Suppose we expect the boy to get his moral training mostly, as bes the can, between the street and the Sunday School, acting upon the idea that young men must be expected to sow *some* wild oats, that a *little* profanity and intemperance must be pardoned, and that no demand should be made for entire chastity on his part. At the same time, suppose we keep the girl from all free association with the wicked world, inculcating the idea that "a woman's virtue must be above suspicion even," that "a woman without religion is like a flower without perfume," etc. Will there not probably be a decided difference in the moral character of the two, however much alike they may have been in childhood?

Many parents make no such distinctions in bringing up their families, but *society* (or the *sham* that goes by that name) educates boys and girls after the absurd manner just described and most parents fall in with the popular notions.

Who knows what the peculiar characteristics

of each sex are? Who dares to leave the Creator of both to settle the question, by giving both a fair chance to develop every part of their natures in harmony with His laws?

What *is* real womanliness? Every true heart believes that there is such a thing. It is something inherent in woman's nature. *You* did not create it, brother. It will not depart from woman if you *take off your hands* and allow her to arise and be *free*. That is all we ask—just *take off your hands*. We make no promises while we are down. Let us stand forth *free*, and in due time we shall learn how best to help each other, and do God's will on earth. Then we shall learn the meaning of two grand words—*Man* and *Woman*.

FAITH ROCHESTER.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The examination of the students of the Agricultural College, at Manhattan, of this state, has been held lately, and here is some account of it. The students are of both sexes, and I was gratified to see that the ladies did quite as well as the gentlemen in the higher mathematics and Greek. Two of the Professors told me they had carefully observed the advancement of pupils, with reference to the difference of mind, between young men and women, and they agreed that the ladies fully equal the gentlemen, and the best mathematician that has ever been in the school, was of the latter. The ladies delivered virginal orations, just the same as the gentlemen.

I talked with several of the girls concerning Woman Suffrage, and they all expressed themselves anxious to have equal political rights with men. I was also told by one of them, that all the ladies that have yet graduated, and a large majority of those now in attendance, desire the franchise. And yet this is not the result of the particular system of teaching of this institution, for I am sorry to say that some of the Professors are opposed to Woman Suffrage; but simply because the day has come when educated women refuse to be set aside like nonentities.

Over a hundred pupils are in attendance and the school is in a very flourishing condition. In their endowment fund they have over $180,000 on interest, besides half a million in unsold lands.

The ladies show their sense in dressing plainly. I did not see one with low-neck or short sleeves, nor even a trail, that supposed requisite to evening dress.

Miss Hovey, the Prof. of German and French, is winning golden opinions,—broad-browed, calm-eyed and graceful; possessing that subtle power called presence, she has great influence in the college.

I am glad for every woman that succeeds, and sorry for every one that takes a position above her capacity, for her failure is not attributed to the individual alone, but to the sex.

Mrs. Johnson, post-mistress at Leavenworth, has a model post-office, and the new order of things is highly appreciated by the city.

And now from mind to matter. Two maiden ladies have cultivated a farm near Pardee, in such a manner as to make the lords of creation doff hats. My neighbor, Mr. Ash, had a standing offer last fall, to give any person the corn off any acre he could find in his large field that did not yield one hundred bushels,—and yet this man says that these women are better farmers than he is. I have not seen them and s cannot give the figures of their crop. Another lady, a person of great mental culture, built a brush fence around eighty acres of land with her own hands.

If ever the "main question" comes up again in Kansas, we shall be better prepared for it. It is discussed by every lyceum, and by every car and carriage load of people, and in a friendly way at Thanksgiving feasts and Christmas dinners. Thus knowledge is increased, and to be informed on this subject, is to believe.

MRS. H. A. MONROE.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XLVII.

MANCHESTER, February, 1870.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A LARGE audience assembled in the Guildhall, Bath, last Friday evening, to hear Prof. F. W. Newman give an address on the Parliamentary Suffrage for Women. The Mayor was in the chair, and several influential ladies and gentlemen of the city were upon the platform. Prof. Newman said that the claim for political enfranchisement for women was a new one, and the English nation was always slow to accept new ideas. But this was not a suggestion of something expedient, but a claim for something just, and although politicians were too apt to shut their ears to the voice of abstract justice, it was not the case with the people at large, more especially when the claims were those of half the nation—the weaker half. Since Mr. Mill first introduced the subject into the House of Commons Prof. Newman observed it had grown rapidly in public interest. Mr. Disraeli had supported it warmly; Mr. Gladstone had assented to it in more cautious words. The question, in fact, has nothing to do with party politics, but is connected closely with the moral welfare of society. We claim for women no privilege, but simply that the constitutional maxim, "that representation and taxation ought to be coequal," should be extended to women, and that a woman who has the property which gives a vote to a man should not be deprived of that vote simply because she is a woman. It is no argument to say that many women would not value the franchise, for the same thing might be said of men; yet the law does not deprive of their votes the electors who do not use them, still less does it disfranchise all men because a few do not value their votes. It is worthy of remark that the most intellectual part of the community are just those who are most anxious for the political claims of women to be allowed. The Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, are enthusiastically in favor of the enfranchisement of women. It is a monstrosity that a worthless and vicious man should be allowed that share in the government of his country which is denied to a virtuous and intelligent woman. But, collectively, women may claim to be compared with men. Women do not injure the state by wasteful vices—by gambling, betting, and drinking—in the way that men do. As a rule, they are a far more prudent, thrifty, self-sacrificing class. Crime, too, is far rarer among them; and yet a revising barrister declared that women have no more right to be upon the Parliamentary register than dogs, or horses, and a judge laid down the law that the word "man" included woman where taxation was meant, but that it did not include women where representation was meant. What would be said if a women judge thus expounded the law as applied to men? Prof. Newman continued thus:

Mr. Jacob Bright and Sir C. W. Dilke are about to bring in a bill to amend this anomaly in the law. At the last municipal elections a large number of women householders throughout the country recorded their votes. What harm resulted? Did the women riot or make the men more riotous? On the contrary, he believed they had a salutary, orderly influence over the elections. The men who argued against admitting women to the parliamentary franchise, never opposed the question on political or constitutional grounds, but they said sometimes that women were too pure to deal with politics, sometimes that they were too silly. But he believed that the moral influence of women in political questions would be an inestimable gain to the country. We should have far less of workhouse horrors, drunkenness, cruelty to animals, and the social evil, if women had their fair share in the making and administering of the laws. Men living under a despotism, who are denied any part in the government of their country, invariably become frivolous and vicious, so when women are shut out from any healthy interest in public questions, and are brought up to view marriage as their sole end in life, the natural result is the "girl of the period." The two great reasons why women should have votes are—the better protection of their sex, and for the general softening and elevation of public morals. It is the natural tendency of privileged classes to tyranize, and men, who alone make the laws, have made them unjust to women. He pointed out especially the want of protection to the property of married women as against their husbands. By the common law a woman forfeits everything by the act of marriage. He quoted an actual case where a man bequeathed all his wife's earnings to his mistress, and the will held good in law. Such injustice would not be tolerated if women had political power. Men are apt to say that women have no grievances, but in many ways the professor pointed out the injustice of old and recent laws which affect them. In particular he mentioned the Contagious Diseases Act, which had just been stealthily passed through Parliament, and which in the districts in which it is in force absolutely deprives every woman of the most sacred rights of Englishmen—trial by jury and Habeas Corpus—and shows a contempt for the rights of women heretofore unprecedented. What would be said if women thus legislated for men? We are accustomed to moralize upon the fall of states by luxury, but it is in reality impurity, fostered by luxury. We are threatened by a state patronage of vice. England will soon enter upon a downward course of sensuality if the influence of women does not save the state. The Professor concluded by an eloquent appeal to those women who are wealthy, happy, and beloved, to remember those of their sisters who are down-trodden, starving, enslaved, outcast, and to support their claims to receive protection, and justice, and freedom from the Legislature.

The lecture was warmly cheered throughout, and, after the applause at the close of it, a vote of thanks to Prof. Newman was unanimously passed.

The fair city of Bath, famous of old as far back as the time of the Roman rule in Britain, and still full of the traditions of fashion, from the dark days of the Georgian Era, may congratulate itself on the success of its first public meeting in favor of Women's Suffrage.

THE DUBLIN DEBATING SOCIETY—IRISH CHIVALRY.

A pleasant confirmation of Prof. Newman's assertion that the most intellectual part of the community are the warmest supporters of the claims of women, comes to us from Dublin. The Law Students' Debating Society, at their meeting this week, discussed "Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill for the Extension of the Suffrage to Women." A majority of the speakers—young men of the upper and even fashionable classes—were in favor of the bill and spoke boldly in support of it, advocating the extension of all their privileges to "ladies," and fully acknowledging the equality of women and men. "All the speakers," adds my informant, "seemed to have read Mill's *Subjection of Women*."

MRS. JANET TAYLOR, THE MATHEMATICIAN.

This week's obituary records the departure

of a woman who possessed one of the most profound scientific minds of the day—one who is said to have been "as extraordinary from her acquirements of knowledge as from her social reticence." Here is a brief account of her from a literary journal :

Mrs. Janet Taylor was a mathematician of the first class ; as such to be commemorated by the side of Mrs. Somerville, less universally cultivated, less admirable in exposition than the latter-named lady in any event little known to the outward world. But her logarithmic tables, we have been assured on fair authority, are correct and complete in no ordinary degree ; and it was her singular occupation to prepare many men for the sea, by her tuition in the higher branches of mathematics. A more quiet, a more singular union of rare powers of will and knowledge, especially in a woman, than hers does not occur to us. She lived at the east end of London among her pupils and clients. We believe she was as gentle and simple in herself as she was deeply versed in the abstruse sciences which she professed.

PROGRESS OF THE AGITATION AGAINST THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

A new Society and an influential general committee have been formed in London and local committees have sprung up in some of our principal towns, all working harmoniously together to oppose the extension of these shameful laws and to procure their *repeal* in the districts where they are in operation. Great as has been the sacrifice of personal feeling on the part of women in thus arraying themselves publicly, on a question of this kind, many have rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded them of bearing testimony against the present state of morals, and the unequal penalties of law and public feeling awarded to men and women on these matters.

A friend—the mother of sons—writes to me from Ireland, on the social evil question : "I think this is a grand opportunity for all virtuous men and women to prove their faith by their works. It has long been my feeling that the hideous state of morals called for the most strenuous crusading of all right-thinking people, and I am delighted at last something has occurred to stir up the slumbering indignation of the virtue of England. I shall send in our names to the Ladies' Association. We propose to get up a petition from this city on the act that legalizes infamy ; the act that dethrones Christianity and tramples upon womanhood—the cruel and horrible act that bows down to the devil and his angels. W. T. asked me to write to ——— (a member of the government) on the subject. Please let us know if he means to lay bare this attack upon the freedom of half the Queen's subjects, which emblazons the land's shame—which lets all men know that the Testament with us is a dead letter—that the Church in our souls has been disestablished to that extent that we now worship the flesh and scorn the spirit!"

GROUNDS OF OBJECTION TO THE ACT.

The principles involved in the opposition to the Contagious Diseases Acts are unassailable. It has been well said that morals and jurisprudence are set at defiance by these acts. Vice is encouraged and made easy by the promise of impunity (false though it be) which they hold out to the male prostitutes. Justice is outraged by the punishment of the victim and the exemption of the chief criminal. Law is set aside by the practical repeal of the *Habeas Corpus*, and of trial by jury for half the population of the districts under the operation of the measure. The medical basis of the law, to which its supporters still cling, only remains to be proved fallacious. There is now good ground to believe that this basis, though supported by men eminent in their profession in many respects, and whose motives cannot justly be impugned, is wholly untenable. The very highest medical authority, and the evidence that can be adduced of the working of similar laws on the Continent are now known to be distinctly opposed to the principle of the measure on scientific and experimental grounds. Arguments of an unanswerable character have overthrown those of the specialists in the profession. It is enough for the general public to know that the very first and highest medical authority is opposed to the principle of this legislation. A pamphlet, by Mademoiselle Daubie, on the Continental System will silence for ever all supporters of the theory of which that system is a practical result.

But the cause is not yet man and we must be prepared for a stout opposition. Miss Garrett, as well as one or two others, has, I regret to say, taken part with our adversaries, on supposed scientific grounds. The extension party, actuated by various lower motives, is very strong and has the strength of the army and navy and of the House of Lords on its side. To withstand this force, the whole moral might of the nation will be needed, and must be aroused at the central fires of conscience and feeling until it bursts forth in a lava stream of indignation to resist a system which legalizes vice. Science, and law, and morals, are all on our side, but the moral argument is the most powerful, for it reaches all classes, and on it we rely to make this a national question, and to lead to the still deeper demand, "How can prostitution be extirpated?" Many questions, not less important, are involved in the present movement—the question of equal laws for men and women—the question of the standing army—the opening of the medical profession to women, and other subjects of equal significance, are closely connected with it.

The Ladies' Association has taken steps to make the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts a test question at elections. Placards and handbills are being used at Southwark and elsewhere, while elections are pending, to warn the voters to obtain distinct pledges from the candidates that they will use their influence in Parliament against these acts.

NEW OPPONENTS TO THE ACTS.

Two important names have lately appeared on the right side in this question. The Rev. F. D. Maurice, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, has addressed a letter to the *Daily News*, in which he says that he was one of those who signed a petition for extending the operations of the act—that he did so from the horror he felt at suggesting the thought that morals and physical science were hostile to each other. He now says, "I am convinced that I was wrong." And adds that : "Every attempt to mitigate the curses of slavery by any legal enactments only showed it to be essentially abnormal. It is the same in the case of prostitution. We, men, had dreamed that, if we could not relinquish it, we might possibly make it a little less intolerable—less a curse to the innocent ; less deep degradation to the guilty. I think the protests of the ladies have shown us that we shall involve the innocent with the guilty, that we shall degrade the guilty more, that we are inflicting an injury on the whole sex by assuming that any woman can exist to satisfy the lust of a man. It is easy to describe their cries of indignation as hysterical shrieking. The same language was applied to the anti-slavery champions. * * I believe that we have arrived at a period when the question must be faced which sounds as ridiculous and monstrous to all wise men about town : 'How can prostitution be extirpated?' * * In seeking for an answer we must earnestly demand the help of the physician as well as of the moralist, of women as well as men. That ladies should have made the tremendous self-sacrifice which their appearance as protestors against the measure involves, is a fact which must strike all of us, and which must awaken us to deep and earnest reflections. * * I write to you not because I can offer much aid, but because I think it is due to your brave correspondents, and to their cause, that I should own they have convinced me of my error in asking the legislature to extend the operation of the act."

Mr. J. S. Mill's opinion is contained in the following extract from a letter of his dated, Avignon, Jan. 11, 1870 :

The subject of your letter of the 3d is one which I have much considered, and in which I feel great interest, and the result of the consideration is that I greatly deprecate any extension of the Contagious Diseases Act, and should highly approve of its repeal. I do not think the abuses of power by the police mere accidents which could be prevented. I think them the necessary consequences of any attempt to carry out such a plan thoroughly. If once examination is made other than voluntarily, the police must try to prevent evasion of it, and this at once opens the door to innocent mistakes on the part of the police, and makes it necessary to entrust them with power over women which no men are fit to have. I am opposed to the principle of the act. I believe the medical efficacy of it to be doubtful, and I believe it to be impossible to carry it out without a degree of oppression which would more than overbalance any advantages that could be gained. Of course in saying this I look to the female population as well as the male, and strike the balance of advantages to the whole. I may as well say that I think this oppression does exist in France, and is responsible for a state of things among all classes far worse than exists in England. Nor do I think the indirect evils of this kind of registration to be despised. The interpretation certain to be put upon regulations of this description, even if entirely false, is so mischievous that a very great balance of well-ascertained practical good effects would not, perhaps, be sufficient to compensate for it. To fancy that calling this objection a sentimental one at all invalidates it is merely childish, for, assuredly, men's sentiments have a great deal to do in regulating their conduct ; and no law can be a good one which gives a bad direction to men's sentiments.

Believe me to be very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

ADMIRAL RAMSAY ON WOMEN AS SOLDIERS.—The annual meeting of the Governesses Benevolent Society of Scotland was held the first week in February in Edinburgh. Admiral Ramsay, in seconding the adoption of the report, said he thought women should be admitted to study law, medicine, and theology, if they were willing to pay for it. He did not know how ladies would do to enter his own profession. He would not like to say they would prove themselves unable to command a fleet, or that they would be wanting in courage to encounter all the dangers of naval warfare, but there existed a great deal of prejudice against the fair sex becoming connected with either the army or the navy. On the coast of Africa he once saw a regiment of rifle women—and, black as they were, he must say he never saw a finer regiment. All the officers were women, there was not a single man in the whole regiment. They were most courageous, and fought bravely ; in fact, a friend told him that when they went into action they fought like so many tigresses.

MRS. ANNA RICHMOND has given $4,000 to the Rhode Island Hospital for the permanent endowment of a free bed.

The Revolution.

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ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Cor. Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1870.

THE ANNIVERSARY.—The Call will be found in another column. Irving Hall is now one of the most spacious, commodious and convenient in the city, easy of access from every direction by street cars and stages. Friends of the Association should be making their arrangements to attend, especially those living at a distance. The sublime importance of the enterprise, the many encouragements already attending it, assurances of complete triumph at no distant day, if there be no fainting nor faltering in the work, and a card of speakers for the occasion, the most brilliant the country affords, will conspire to render this the grandest and most significant gathering ever held since the Woman's movement was first inaugurated.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WABASH, Ind., March 8th, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Without any change except passing from one car to another, I find myself transported in thirty-six hours from New York to Wabash, Indiana. Owing to the generosity of Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr., my finances suffered no depletion as far as Cleveland—a most satisfactory way to travel. There is no route west so pleasant and comfortable as the broad guage Erie, with its wide berths, steady motion and scenery unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty.

My chosen companion for the journey was Robert Dale Owen, not manifest in the flesh, but in his new book, "Beyond the Breakers." Sunday morning, bright and early, I commenced the opening chapters, and read all day, when darkness compelled me, unwillingly, to lay the book aside, until the returning light should enable me to finish the closing chapters, in which the heroes and heroines were all mated, as well as married, while a few crotchety people who could not be improved were gathered to their fathers, exiled to Texas, or carried off into the great cities on the high tide of fortune. Altogether, it is a delightfulful book, giving the reader the well-digested views of a great and good man, in the many puzzling problems of our social life, suggesting new and valuable thoughts, in regard to our prisons, criminal legislation, the relations of capital and labor, friendship, love, marriage, and the world that lies outside the mere sensuous and material. His description of a steamer burning on Lake Erie, and the mental phenomena of drowning men, is graphic and thrilling. His description, too, of Chispanga, Ohio, where the scenes are laid, is vivid and beautiful. The people, the town, the surrounding country, are all made as familiar as the reel scenes of ones own life. All his men and women, with two or three exceptions, are good, and the author talks naturally and easily through such mediums. His villains are rather failures, they have but little pluck or backbone, they blunder and botch, and at last, sort of fade out; and yet I have no doubt the author spent more time trying to make two consistent male villains and one bad woman, than he did in all the rest of his characters together. It is very difficult, almost impossible, for a simple, pure-minded man like Robert Dale Owen to paint a really grand villain.

I am at present under the roof of Stearns Fisher, one of Indiana's oldest settlers, who has had much to do in framing the institutions of this state. He is now one of its Senators. As he is a warm friend of Robert Dale Owen's, I gave him "Beyond the Breakers" to read. As it has scarcely been out of his hands since he begun it, I think it will be safe to tell our dear friend that his new work is highly appreciated in his own state, at least by one sensible man.

I had heard such a hue and cry about Indiana's divorce laws that I was quite surprised to find the mass of men and women here living in the same harmonious, faithful relations as in my native state, where divorces are unhonored and unknown. Mrs. Fisher is an excellent wife and housekeeper, and seems quite as happy in her present voluntary relations as if enforced by the laws of the state.

Most people talk on this subject as if there were no principle of adherence in the human soul, and that but for some arbitrary outside force, we should fly off in tangents from all our present relations. When will men be wise enough to see that conjugal love and maternal devotion do not depend on statute laws or state constitutions? that they existed before governments were, and will exist when governments will be no more?

Wabash is a pleasant manufacturing town, containing about four thousand inhabitants, built on a side hill, with its canal and river running through the rich valley. It is a radical republican centre, without much fear of new things.

In a copy of the N. Y. *World* I bought on the train I found this item:

> The male citizens of Zanesville, Ohio, have petitioned that women may be invested with all the rights of citizenship, and also with all its duties: namely—that they be liable to military, jury, and road duty; liability for their own and their husbands' debts; and that if a woman refuse or neglect to provide for the support of her husband and family, a divorce shall be granted, awarding alimony to the husband. REVOLUTION please notice.

All very well, gentlemen. The women can perform these duties just as you do, *by supplying substitutes.* It is no harder to sit in the jury-box than to stand as criminals at your bar; to work on the road than to wash, iron, cook, and lug thirty-pound babies, long summer days. As to paying husbands' debts, that, wives have done from the beginning. How many fortunes have been sacrificed to worthless husbands, and also how many wives have dropped into untimely graves, from their incessant work, to support husbands and children? As you travel through the country, do you ever find fifty women standing at the depot, squirting tobacco juice, hands in pockets, ballancing on their heels to see the cars come and go? Wonder if the Zanesville men waste any time this way! All woman asks is equal rights. If the laws will give her all the advantages they have heretofore accorded to men, she can easily support herself and husband too. As to the divorce, there are many women who would be glad to give their husbands alimony, or any other money, if they would only sail for parts unknown, never, never to return. What a new life it would be for the wives and children of drunkards, to be released from their disgusting, bloated presence, their blasphemy, obscenity and brutality!

Have no fears, wise men of Zanesville, that when woman is invested with all the rights of citizenship, she will be unwilling or unable to discharge its duties. Judging from her past record, she will do what is assigned her as conscientiously as man has ever done his work. So give us the ballot and see what comes of it.

E. C. S.

"LADY JURORS."

UNDER this head the New Orleans *Times*, the ablest and largest paper at the South, says:

> Confusion is becoming worse confounded by the hurried march of events. Mad theorizings take the form of every-day realities, and in the confusion of rights and the confusion of dress, all distinctions of sex are threatened with swift obliteration. When Anna Dickinson holds forth, as the teacher of strange doctrines, in which the masculinity of woman is preposterously asserted as a true warrant for equality with man in all his political and industrial relations; when Susan B. Anthony flashes defiance from lips and eyes which refuse the blandishment and soft dalliance that in the past have been so potent with "the sex;" when, in fine, the women of Wyoming are called from their domestic firesides to serve as jurors in a court of justice, a question of the day, and one, too, of the strangest kind, is forced on our attention.

Several novel and "strange questions" have been forced on southern attention within a few years, and the *Times* survives, and will outlive even stranger yet. Since the days of the "born thrall of Cedric the Saxon," England has witnessed wondrous revelations until Wamba, the "born thrall," with Cedric's name on the brass collar he wore, has become a legal voter and contests for a seat in Parliament. And wins it, too. On the whole the *Times* concludes:

> From a careful review of all the surroundings, the Wyoming experiment will lead to beneficial results. By proving that lady jurors are altogether impracticable—that they cannot sit as the peers of men without setting at defiance all the laws of delicacy and propriety—the conclusion may be reached that it will be far better to let nature alone in regulating the relations of the sexes.

British conservatism used to talk more wildly than that about Reform bills, Corn Laws, Catholic Emancipation and even the overthrow of African slavery and the slave trade. But the nineteenth century was in a hurry, had, and has, a great deal to accomplish which could not, cannot be postponed for British conservatism nor American cowardice, lack of faith and love of rule.

P. P.

A NEW RICHMOND IN THE FIELD.

THE Boston correspondent of the N. Y. *World* reports a new champion of woman in the field, though not yet for Woman Suffrage, Miss Lillian S. Edgarton. She is described as about twenty-two years of age, of medium height, of commanding presence, possessing regular and expressive features, light auburn hair, large blue eyes, and a voice of much depth and power, peculiarly distinct in its enunciations, and in its rich quality reminding one of the intonations of Fanny Kemble Butler.

Miss Edgarton lectured one evening last week in Boston, and it is said that in power of interesting an audience in mere argument, or impressing it by earnest passages of appeal, she has few, if any superiors. To be thus approved

by Boston, is indeed much. Perhaps had she demanded "the one thing needful" for woman, *full equality with man*, she would not have been so acceptable. The Springfield *Republican* correspondent, Warrington, thinks thus of her:

Miss Edgarton is a new lecturer on the woman question, whose speech last night, judging from reports in the newspapers, contained many good things. She thinks woman not yet prepared for the ballot, however. I see nothing in the report of her lecture which indicates that she would not vote as intelligently as a majority of the men. She is too modest by half. The fact that women can do a great deal without the ballot on which she dwelt, is not disputed, that I know of, and nobody supposes that the ballot is "the panacea for all evils." It is not for men; who thinks that it will be for woman? Why should Miss Edgarton fight imaginary arguments? Probably there is a tendency to overrate legislation and the ballot, and it does no harm to interpose a caution, but it is still true that the ballot is the badge of equality and the guarantee of rights in this country, and is likely to be so. And the possession of it, Miss Edgarton will see, is at the bottom of all endeavor after equality of civil privileges.

Want of space, and the hope that Miss Edgarton will soon pay her respects to a New York audience, are the only reasons for not giving an extended abstract of her, for the most part, truly admirable address. P. P.

JURY WOMEN.

THE country has had its vulgar laugh at Wyoming for enfranchising woman and placing her in office as an intelligent, responsible being. And now there is time to call attention to the manner in which she was first inducted to the important office and position of the Grand Jury. It was in Laramie City, Wyoming. All the ladies drawn as grand jurors were present in the court room punctually at eleven o'clock. A motion was made to quash the panel, but it was not sustained. At five minutes to twelve o'clock the first panel of lady grand jurors in the world were sworn. None of them asked to be excused. An able address was delivered by Chief-Justice Dowe, of which the following is an abstract:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY: It is an innovation and a great novelty to see, as we do to-day, ladies summoned to serve as jurors. The extension of political rights and franchise to women is a subject that is agitating the whole country. I have never taken an active part in these discussions, but I have long seen that woman was a victim to the vices, crimes and immoralities of man, with no power to protect and defend herself from these evils. I have long felt that such powers of protection should be conferred upon woman, and it has fallen to our lot here to act as the pioneer in the movement and to test the question. The eyes of the whole world are to-day fixed upon this jury of Albany county. THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST IMPROPRIETY IN ANY LADY OCCUPYING THIS POSITION, AND I WISH TO ASSURE YOU THAT THE FULLEST PROTECTION OF THE COURT SHALL BE ACCORDED TO YOU. It would be a most shameful scandal that in our temple of justice and in our courts of law anything should be permitted which the most sensitive lady might not hear with propriety and witness. And here let me add that it will be a sorry day for any man who shall so far forget the courtesy due and paid by every American gentleman to every American lady as to ever by a word or act endeavor to deter you from the exercise of those rights of which the law has invested you. I conclude with the remark that this is a question for you to decide for yourselves. No man has any right to interfere. IT SEEMS TO ME TO BE EMINENTLY PROPER FOR WOMEN TO SIT UPON GRAND JURIES, WHICH WILL GIVE THEM THE BEST POSSIBLE OPPORTUNITIES TO AID IN SUPPRESSING THE DENS OF INFAMY WHICH CURSE THE COUNTRY. I shall be glad of your assistance in the accomplishment of this object. I do not make these remarks from distrust of any of the gentlemen. On the contrary, I am exceedingly pleased and gratified with the indication of intelligence, love of law and good order and the gentlemanly deportment which I see manifested here.

To this charge of Judge Dowe may properly be added the following from another high state authority. The prosecuting attorney of the county having previously requested Judge Howe's opinion as to the eligibility of women as jurors, the Judge responded as follows:

CHEYENNE, March 3, 1870.

S. W. DOWNEY—*My Dear Sir:* I have your favor of yesterday, and have carefully considered the question of the eligibility of women who are "citizens" to serve on juries. Mr. Justice Kingman has also considered the question, and we concur in the opinion that such women *are eligible*. My reasons for this opinion will be given at length, if occasion requires. I will thank you to make it known to those ladies who have been summoned on the juries, that they will be received, protected and treated with all the respect and courtesy due, and ever paid, by true American gentlemen to true American ladies, and that the Court, in all the power of the government, will secure to them all that deference, security from insult, or anything which ought to offend the most refined woman, which is accorded to women in any walks of life in which the good and true women of our country have heretofore been accustomed to move. Thus, whatever may have been, or may now be thought of the policy of admitting women to the right of suffrage and to hold office, they will have a fair opportunity, at least in my Court, to demonstrate their ability in this new field, and the policy or impolicy of occupying it. Of their right to try it I have no doubt. I hope they will succeed, and the Court will certainly aid them in all lawful and proper ways. Very respectfully yours,

J. H. HOWE, Chief-Justice, etc.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE Boston *Congregationalist* lately had a two column article headed "Woman Suffrage." The beginning was thus:

There is one fixed point of departure for any rational discussion of this question. To ignore it is to make the discussion mainly worthless. *If the human race is to exist in the future, woman is to be its mother.*

The conclusion is so:

So here is my trouble. If women are to be mothers, to any noticeable extent, they can't be successful in the professions and the trades. The tendency will be frightfully strong, in all ambitious women, to celibacy with its vices, or to marriage with the nameless shames which shall prevent maternity. The woman-reformers are hard after a success which will forbid maternity in all who aspire to reach it. Specimen women entering public life at fifty, and reaching success, involve no such difficulty and prove nothing. Venerable women, grand in war with wrong, whose public lives began after their children were well reared, boast their homes, and prove, splendid as they are, the glory of the developing power of maternity. This difficulty out of the way, and one little one beside, that about Paul and Paul's Inspirer, and there shall be one more enthusiastic Woman's Rights man in the world! F. A. S.

The two columns can be easily imagined from so much, and save their space in these pages.

CRUELTY TO A LADY IN ENGLAND.—The other day, says one of our English correspondents, Frances Edge, a well educated lady, was brought before the Clerkenwell police court, London, England, charged with having attempted suicide. The evidence went on to show that the prisoner was in great destitution, and her defence was that she was deserted by her husband, who even refused to assist her in getting work to support herself! The magistrate was very severe upon Edge, who, he said, trumped up some story of which he did not believe one word, in order to get his wife maintained at some one else's expense, if he could not otherwise throw her off his hands. The husband is one well known to many Americans as Frederick Miles Edge. He for some time called himself Paul Morphy's secretary. Then he was connected with the United States Sanitary Commission. He was for a brief space a poor correspondent of the *Morning Star*. He was noted for his beggardly behaviour when in the United States. He is unfortunately quoted by Mr. Sumner in his Alabama case, as an authority against England. He is an impecunious customer, always ready to levy contributions on Americans. The women of America should take care he is duly pilloried.

MORE FOUL BREATH.

CITY PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE, Boston, March 5, 1870.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY: In the Vermont *Watchman and State Journal* of Feb. 9, 1870, I find the following:

"Miss Anthony, Proprietor of THE REVOLUTION, the most prominent Female Suffrage paper in the country, published, last summer, an article from her own pen, in which the evils of marriage, the horrors of the common tenantry of the nuptial couch, were set forth in the most impassioned and disgusting manner. The horrors of marriage were compared to the brutalities of slavery, etc., etc."

Now, if you have had the *brain* and the *daring* to affirm the "horrors of the common tenantry of the nuptial couch," and to compare the "horrors of marriage" to the "brutalities of slavery," and have done all that in "plain English," then I want to see the article. Will you please inform me where the article can be found? I do not remember to have seen it in THE REVOLUTION. Was it there? I have no file of the paper to refer to. But I am most anxious to see the article.

Respectfully, CHAS. K. WHEELER.

Miss Anthony is at present away in the west giving lectures, but were she at home, she couldn't stop nor stoop to notice such disgusting stuff as that Vermonter peddles to his patrons. Worse, still, has come here, direct from Boston, concerning both Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, as might have been expected after the treatment they met there while attending the recent Woman Suffrage Convention. But the bound volumes of THE REVOLUTION, from its beginning, are here (by the way, for sale), at the free service of any person, commission, committee, or deputation, that wishes to inspect them, whether from *Vermont*, *Vriment*, or any other mount or vale. P. P.

ONE of Mrs. Stanton's sons, writing to his sister, says:

* * * Received the N. Y. *Tribune* containing "the fiftieth birthday of the great Susan." Little did we think, in our younger days, when we beheld, at the old ranche in Seneca, mother and Susan scratching away at speeches, petitions, resolutions, what big guns they were to be. Now, that the Fifteenth Amendment has passed and Revels has taken his seat, I suppose mother and Susan think they come next. But they are doomed to disappointment, as the majority of the politicians of to-day are not favoring the passing of acts wherein principle and justice are contained, but retention of power, and consequently financial benefit to themselves. Now, what party, to day, would be benefitted by Woman's Suffrage? Neither. Ergo, until something turns up whereby the life of one of the parties depends on the granting of Woman Suffrage, mother and Susan will have to stand outside and see "*us men*" run the machine.

With love to all, your loving brother,

GERRIT SMITH STANTON.

Both parties would be benefitted by Woman's Suffrage, and they begin to think so, too. Look at Utah, Wyoming, Minnesota. Susan and mother never believed in waiting for the Revels, or any other men, as the government needs some new element to secure its safety that no type nor shade of man can give.

"Us men" have run the machine quite long enough, and we refuse to stand outside any longer. See that you do your duty in Iowa; give Woman Suffrage in that state, and you will find that the governmental machine will run much easier with our help, than with "us men" alone. E. C. S.

THE WORKING WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

A Working Women's Convention was held in Cooper Institute, on Thursday afternoon and evening last week, to organize a Working Woman's Labor Union for the state of New York. The following persons were elected officers of the Convention :

For President, Alexander Troup ; Vice-Presidents, Miss Eva B. Howard, of New York ; Miss Nancy Whitmore, of Rochester ; Miss Mary J. Lynch, of Utica ; Mrs. George W. Swift, of Elmira ; Miss Kate Mullany, of Troy ; Secretary, Mr. J. W. Browning, of New York ; Treasurer, Miss Leonard, of New York.

Mr. Troup on taking the chair said among other good things :

Just so long as the labor of the male is at the mercy of unscrupulous employers, by their being enabled to bring in female labor at a cheaper rate, just so long will working men be trampled upon ; but with the organization of working women, and their attaining an equality with men, so will the working man be secured in his rights. Men and women must go hand in hand. Whatever feeling of antagonism has hitherto been supposed to exist, must now be blotted out forever.

The resolutions were too many and long for our space, but here are two :

Resolved, That we are inflexibly opposed to all attempts on the part of capitalists to cheapen and degrade American labor by the introduction of a servile class of laborers from China or elsewhere, while at the same time we heartily welcome all voluntary emigrants from every clime, and pledge them our sympathy and encouragement in efforts to secure for themselves and their children homes on American soil.

Resolved, That the working of women and children over ten hours a day is the result of capital's power over labor ; and that we, as a convention, do oppose the long hours that working women are obliged to submit to, and will do all in our power to counteract the same.

The discrimination in the first resolution is well worth considering. The present and proposed systems of importation of laborers by capitalists, are little better than slavery to the imported themselves ; and all laborers are degraded in position and must be in wages too by their presence.

But what will become of domestic household service, especially of cooking, and all kitchen work under the "ten hours a day" system demanded in the second? Three meals a day, all bought, cooked, eaten, and dishes washed and put away, in ten hours would make busy work in most households. But no matter for that, if the thing is right. And that ten hours of the twenty-four are enough to give to labor, nobody can doubt, only let them be wisely and equally distributed.

Most of the speakers were from Massachusetts. Mrs. Daniels of Boston, whose name has often appeared in The Revolution, introduced the question of suffrage for woman, but she was soon called, or rather clamored to order on the ground of irrelevancy, though evidently a large proportion of the convention would gladly have heard her through. She did not, however, dwe l long upon it.

Mr. Pratt of the Boston *Workman*, Mrs. Lane, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Stoddard, Mrs. Albertson, Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Daniels, all of Massachusetts, were the principal speakers.

The list of officers of the new organization for the year was as follows : President, Miss Lainene, of the cap-makers ; Vice-Presidents, Miss Cusick, Miss Whalon, Miss Metuoch, Miss Mullaney, Miss Mary Lynch ; Secretary, Miss Leonard ; Treasurer, Mr. Kearney. A vote of thanks to Mr. Cooper for the use of the hall was passed, and the Convention adjourned. P. P.

Sorry our first page poetry failed us this week.

SALE OF MEDICAL DIPLOMAS.

Ever since some medical students in Philadelphia disgraced themselves and dishonored their profession by their outrageous behavior towards some young women pursuing the study of medicine in that city, the public eye is turned in that direction, and the Philadelphia *Post* has earned the thanks of man and womankind for its fidelity in exposing the monstrous frauds practiced there in the sale of diplomas to whatever unprincipled wretches have the money to buy them, though never having learned a single lesson in the healing art. The *Post* has lately published a number of letters on the subject of most startling and instructive character. Our lack of space precludes their insertion here, though their quality can be gathered from what the *Post* itself says about them. Of all persons in the world women have the most interest in such disclosures. But hear the *Post :*

We print to-day several communications in relation to the alleged sale of medical diplomas in this city. Dr. Buchanan, in speaking for his college, denies that the faculty sells diplomas, and insists that the conditions of graduation have been the same in as other schools. This may be correct, but the doctor says nothing in explanation of his connection with Dr. Hale, as set forth in the sworn statement which we published last week.

Dr. Hale explains the character and object of his "Collegiate Agency" but says nothing of the sworn statement charging him with offering to sell diplomas for the sum of fifty dollars, and with having on hand a stock from which to select. We do not believe that Dr. Hale can screen himself from culpability by pushing forward other parties who are engaged in the same line of business. His explanation proves that other parties are engaged in the nefarious practice of selling diplomas, while he does not deny the allegations made against his "agency." With the relative merits of competing colleges or systems, the public care little, and for the quarrels and jealousies of the professors they care much less ; but they have an interest in the manner and method of creating doctors ; and if the diplomas of any of them are issued solely for pecuniary considerations they are naturally solicitous to know it. We do not believe that the faculty of any college issues a price current announcing the price of their parchment, but it is possible for some member of the faculty to be engaged clandestinely in disposing of diplomas, and still more possible for some broker to impose on the faculty and public by selling a counterfeit article. We believe one of these two practices is indulged, and Dr. Hale strengthens this belief by furnishing evidence corroborative of that published last week.

It is clearly the duty of our police authorities to suppress all "agencies" offering to furnish diplomas for a money consideration. It is the most criminal and dangerous species of counterfeiting, and those engaged in it, the most unmitigated of scoundrels. It is a wanton trifling with the health and life of a confiding public, and no punishment can be too summary and severe for the wretches who would be guilty of it.

THE NEW JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

The following is extracted from a private letter to a young a lady by her cousin in Wyoming (a lad of fifteen), son of Esther Morris, Esq., one of the newly appointed Justices of the Peace in that territory :

You are informed by this time that your Aunt Esther Morris is a Justice of the Peace, and if not yet one of the "Eminent women of the age," she is the first woman who has ever exercised the judicial power, at least on the American continent. I a mglad to say my mother is perfectly at ease in her new position, and all our best citizens and the press are her open and declared advocates.

I have just finished reading "Eminent Women of the Age," and when I think of what the first advocates of Abolition and Woman's Rights had to endure of public ridicule and much worse, were sometimes scorned, hissed at and mobbed, the way for their followers now seems comparatively very smooth, and they who will finish the grand reform of equal rights, will no more realize the hard work, self denial and suffering it required, than the polisher who has glazed the statue, which has employed so many days hard work in quarrying and chiseling the rough marble to a beautiful form.

I am mother's clerk ; and since her appointment I have been busily engaged in studying law and the forms used in our new calling. I think we will get along smoothly, and the prospect of considerable business too, is flattering ; for most of the profession have offered to bring mother their cases.

MORE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY TESTIMONIALS.

Peoria, Ill., March 5, 1870.

Dear Revolution : At the risk of making the papers say again that the only end and aim of your existence is to trumpet the praises of the firm of Stanton & Anthony, I send you this real soul-greeting from the bravest, truest girl of the period—yes, with her ten years public service to her country and her cause—*the grandest woman*—Anna E. Dickinson. S. B. A.

Lincoln, Ill., Third Month 3, 1870.

Dear Susan Anthony : *What* do you mean by it? as little Jennie Wren says. Everybody who knows you and who don't know you were given opportunity to say their good say, to utter their good wishes and friendly regards, and poor me, wandering across these western spaces, quite left out in the cold!

Please ma'am, why didn't I know nothing of your Reception till it was all over? I should have sent you what I now send—a silk gown, wherein you are to make yourself fine and grand, and a draft of $200, which you are to put into the pocket of the gown when it is made, as a little nest-egg.

And if I only had a happy ease with my pen, how glad I would have been to put on paper in glowing words—in such words that others would have been pleased to read, or to hear—just what I think of the faithful, unselfish, earnest, single-minded, courageous years, which my dear old Susan has given to the service of humanity. How, through poverty and persecution, evil tongues and slanderous words, ridicule and reproach, she has said, "Nothing shall daunt me; 'tis God's service ;" and so speaking, has held fast the profession of her faith without wavering. As the past and the present so may the future be :

With foes in front, and foes behind,
And foes that were the friends of old,
Still with a calm and constant mind
The standard of our warfare hold.

God bless her! God bless her! The tears come to my eyes as I write that benediction, and think how gently and earnestly men and women alike in time to come will repeat it when her name is mentioned. When those same men and women shall see her life and her work, not as now, "through a glass darkly," but as those see who gaze through the sunshine of truth.

Good bye, dear friend—many happy years for you, prays your loving

Anna E. Dickinson.

And also this, from my youngest sister, who, through all these twenty years of public life, has been a stay and a strength to me ; who, from her school-teacher's scanty earnings, has spared, not this fifty dollars only, but full *two thousand more*, to help on the good work for woman's enfranchisement. In the approval of my own immediate family, I have been more blessed, more encouraged, than from all earthly sources outside. They, every one, have believed in Susan from the beginning. My father, now eight years beyond the veil of life—my mother, seventy-six this side ; as word after word of

kindly appreciation comes to me, my first thought turns to them—and the joy of their spirits over this "well done" for their child, is dearer far to me than any and all other human approbation.

SISTER MARY'S LETTER.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 15, 1870.

DEAR SISTER: Accept the inclosed check for fifty dollars, not as a present, merely, but as a *debt*, honestly due, for "services rendered." Had there been no "agitation" for the last twenty years, resulting in so complete a *Revolution*, we, teachers, might still be working for one dollar per week, and "board round."

But thanks to your unfailing "persistency," and the faithfulness of your coworkers in speaking for a class—the majority of whom *dare* not speak for themselves through fear of losing the little already gained—the salaries of every class of working women have been largely increased.

Still, the time must come, and I fancy some of the present generation will see it, when women, possessing equal education, talent, and tact with men, shall teach a school, or manage any other branch of business, and be recognized by the world as deserving *equal compensation*.

Observation has taught me that there is great *power in the ballot*. Men are often so anxious about the way in which one is to be cast, that not only the most polite deportment, favors, almost innumerable, but *money, real greenbacks, or gold*, are showered in profusion around the possessor of one of these little slips of paper.

If the ballot really is of so much value, and so necessary to the well-being of all *man*kind, it certainly could prove of no less value to all *woman*kind; and if there is good in it, surely the poorly-paid, "weak-minded" women should share it.

Give women a fair chance with the better-paid and "strong-minded; then, if they win or lose, they alone will share the praise or bear the blame.

So, if need be, fight as valiantly, dear sister, for the next twenty years, as for the last, or at least until woman's right to a voice in the laws by which she is governed shall be acknowledged in every state and territory of our country.

Affectionately your sister,

M. S. ANTHONY.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. LOZIER.

NEW YORK, 361 West 34th street,
Feb. 15, 1870.

MY DEAR MISS ANTHONY: On this, your fiftieth birthday, permit me to present you my check for fifty dollars, as a slight and very inadequate expression of admiring gratitude on my part, for your twenty years of arduous and self-sacrificing labors in the cause of woman. What woman has gained already, and it is much, what I and others have been able to achieve in professional life, must be mainly ascribed to you, and such as you, who have nobly, and in the spirit of christianity, gone forth proclaiming and demanding the liberation, elevation and enfranchisement of our sex. Go on, my dear friend, in the name and strength of the God of justice and freedom, in your divine mission! No weapon lifted up against you can prosper. And that you may live to see and rejoice in the complete triumph of your, of our, cause, though it add yet another twenty years to your labors, shall be the earnest wish and prayer of, my dear Miss Anthony, your faithful friend and coworker, CLEMENCE S. LOZIER.

A LEAF OF LAUREL.

Under this head, Theodore Tilton speaks as below in the N. Y. *Independent:*

It is not always true that "the good die young;" for Miss Susan B. Anthony has lived to celebrate her fiftieth birthday. This happy event was appropriately honored by her friends, and blushingly enjoyed by herself, at the Woman's Bureau in this city last week—an occasion which, we suspect, must have made her feel a dozen years younger than the semi-centennial which it was designed to chronicle. Right glad are we that the anniversary was observed with due pomp and circumstance. No kindly tribute to great moral worth is too good for this good woman. As one of the chief heroines of our generation, she abundantly deserves all the honors which were paid her on that festal night. There are many public-spirited workers in our busy land; many noble souls who have devoted their life-long energies to the elevation of their fellow-beings; many moral pioneers who, when they die, will leave the world better than they found it; and conspicuous among these is the staunch, unwearied, and indomitable woman who, at the end of half a century of life, can remember but few idle or wasted days. If Miss Anthony's persevering efforts in behalf of her sex are not worthy of generous praise, then there is no just fame due to a brave career. If her methods have sometimes lacked soundness of judgment, they have never lacked nobility of purpose. There exists a peculiar, invaluable, and time-honored class of plain and substantial women who are said to be "as honest as the day is long"; and Susan B. Anthony is the queen of this royal race. Dauntless and tireless as the sterner sex, sympathetic and tender as the gentler, we sometimes think that our unique Susan is man and woman both in one. Her heart is as big as a full moon in the harvest time. She is one of the sterling characters of our day. The whole people ought to rejoice that such a woman was born, and has lived, and still toils. As publisher of THE REVOLUTION, we hope she will realize for that lively and brilliant journal all the good wishes which she deserves to see it fulfill. If we had been present at the birthday celebration, our toast would have been, To the prospective victory of Female Suffrage, and to Susan B. Anthony as future Governor of New York!"

WOMEN LAW STUDENTS.—Two young women are studying law in the Chicago University. Being asked by a friend if they would graduate this year, they said, "not this year; a meagre knowledge of the law will not suffice for us. We intend rowing our own boat, and thoroughness is the inevitable counterpart of success." They were asked if it did not require some courage for two ladies to join so large a class of gentlemen. "Not at all," they replied, "they treat us with deference, with brotherly care. We have no Philadelphia riots in our college." Indeed," they added, "if THE REVOLUTION only knew it, we are sure it would be crowned the banner school."

HOWARD UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON.—The following is an extract of a letter dated Howard University, Washington, March 7, 1870:

Mrs. M. A. S. Cary, of Pontiac, Mich., favorably known in her labors to help forward the cause of Equal Rights, was the first colored lady to study law, commencing in this institution. We have also in connection with our medical department of this University, both white and colored ladies. All departments of our institution are opened to all, irrespective of race, color, or sex, having the proper qualifications to enter its classes.

Yours respectfully, D. B. NICHOLS,
Librarian and Ameeter of Cabinet and Museum, Howard University.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association will hold its regular annual meeting in IRVING HALL New York, beginning of Wednesday, the 11th of May, next, and continuing through Thursday and Friday.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout this country, and the Old World, are invited to send delegates to this Convention prepared to report the progress of our movement in their respective localities. And, in order that this annual meeting may be the expression of the whole people, we further ask every friend of Woman Suffrage to consider himself or herself personally invited to attend and take part in its discussions.

With the political rights of woman secured in the Territories of Utah and Wyoming—with the agitation of the question in the various State Legislatures, with the proposition to strike the word "male" from the state constitution of Vermont—with New York, New England and the great West well organized, we are confident that our leading political parties will soon see that their own interest and the highest interests of the country require them to recognize our claim.

The Executive Committee recommend the friends of Woman's Suffrage, everywhere, to concentrate their efforts upon the work of securing a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution that shall prohibit any state from disfranchising any of its citizens on account of sex. Therefore, we ask the delegates and friends to come to this May Anniversary with practical suggestions as to how this work shall be done.

Many of the ablest advocates of the cause—both men and women—will address the meetings.

Communications and contributions for this meeting should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.

CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Cor. Sec'y,
151 East 51st street, New York.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Chw'n Ex. Com.

HYDE PARK REHEARSAL.—Sixty women of Hyde Park, near Boston, appeared at the polls at the recent town election, and gave a rehearsal of Woman Suffrage. It was every way a pronounced success. A few lewd fellows of the baser sort, who peopled the pit and smeared it with their pea-nut shells and tobacco juice, attempted to hiss the piece, but a wholesome dread of arrest, strongly hinted at by the Moderator, wilted their sublime nothingness, and the performances proceeded in order to the close.

Of course, the ballots of the women were not counted, but it was demonstrated that women can go to the polls as well as men, and with men, too, even with the rowdy element represented, in all its stupidness and hatefulness. And the women, moreover, seem to have been as wise as the male majority, for they voted generally for the successful candidates.

But this, after all, has been several times done before in other places. What is now wanted is, an election of some woman, or women, to the legislature, by legal voting. Wyoming should send a woman to Congress, the first thing. It is doing nobly

already, but let it select some able, noble woman and elect her to Congress, and the whole problem of woman's equality would soon be solved. P. P.

CONJUNCTION OF STARS.

A MATTOON, Ill., correspondent reports the meeting of Susan B. Anthony and Anna E. Dickinson at Prairie City, and a lecture from each on successive evenings. Miss Dickinson's audience came from distances of thirty and forty miles by railroad, and by carriages, over the roughest highways, more than half those distances, packing the house in every part, and none regretted the inconvenience after hearing the lecture, "The Whited Sepulchres."

The next evening was given to Miss Anthony, and a very large audience came to hear her on the question of Woman. She introduced herself, not as the "born orator," but the "*born worker* in the Woman movement." The correspondent says she was heard with the deepest interest to the last word; and when she submitted the question whether Congress should not forthwith provide for a Sixteenth Amendment to the constitution, giving suffrage to woman, now that, by the Fifteenth, all mortal men are to be thus invested, the vote was enthusiastically, as well as unanimously, in the affirmative.

In a private letter, Miss Anthony herself says, "It is beyond belief, almost, how ready the people are, wherever I go, to respond to my most radical sentiments, even to send for me to lecture, and to pay me fifty, seventy-five, and sometimes a hundred dollars for one evening; when, two or three years ago, I had to pay for the *privilege* of addressing the people (even the women, in their own behalf), and then ask my friends to help me foot the bills. If Congressmen could only see what I see, they would not treat us and our cause as they do to-day."

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Every week nearly, since this year began, we receive letters sometimes of considerable length, of which the following periods are a fair specimen. While it is the wish and purpose of THE REVOLUTION to treat courteously the entire newspaper press, however perverse, it still acknowledges the justness of the suggestions of this correspondent:

MY DEAR MISS ANTHONY: Several of your subscribers would be delighted if you would give the New York *Tribune* less, or no notice. When it is so far in its dotage as to publish the stuff contained in "*Lucretia's*" letter, it is no longer worthy of any one's steel—pen or poniard. I suppose "Lucretia" is really a man, perhaps in the *Tribune* office, for no *woman*, I hope at least, would be so illogical, so unjust and untruthful.

WOMEN OF THE WOODS.—George Whitcomb, Esq., formerly of Boston, now of Charleston, Mississippi County, Mo., Attorney at Law, Real Estate Broker, etc., etc., in a private letter to Mrs. Stanton says:

A Boston boy need scarcely say that he welcomes your efforts and your paper, but I regret to see that Boston boys, grown old like myself, are not always mannerly. We, out here in the backwoods, like women well enough to let them vote or do anything else they wish to; but backwoods women are used to hard work. They have no time nor inclination to apply for divorces. Children and their household duties keep them ever busy.

SMITHSONIAN REPORT.—THE REVOLUTION is indebted to Hon. J. P. Harris, U. S. Senator, for a copy of this valuable work and other documents.

CATHOLIC MARY NOT POSTED.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: Your Protestant correspondent need have no fears of what the "priest-ridden, ignorant women of this country" will do when they are allowed to vote. There is not, I am proud to say, a single Roman Catholic woman connected with the Woman Suffrage movement, nor in the harems of Utah, and it will be long before there will be. CATHOLIC MARY.

New York, Feb. 28, 1870.

With the rest of us, *deniers*, Catholic Mary does not know the fact.

On the books of the National Woman's Suffrage Association we find the names of several estimable Catholic women. Among them are those of three young women of my acquaintance, teachers, and ornaments alike to the church and our association. A medical friend who has a large practice among the poor, says, he often finds the younger sister by the sick bed, tenderly ministering to the needy body and spirit of the sufferer. W.

HORACE GREELEY IN PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Feeling a hero-sort of enthusiasm for Horace Greeley, I rushed, mouse-like, to secure the first look at him that opportunity offered. Star lecturing has become a furore in Philadelphia this winter, and the particular subject of each lecture has converted home circles into debating lyceums, and roused latent logic into many sluggish brains. Mr. Greeley was received by a lukewarm salutation from (to me) an unaccountably small audience. As he bowed, my heart beats accelerated, and I saw a tall, fine formed, reverend looking man. I fancied him a loving, indulgent, imposed on grand-pap—and no matter what he would say to us, I felt his heart intended to please. His voice made several unfortunate efforts to be heard in a space at variance with its strength, and finally subsided into a monotonous mumble. His logic was spasmodic, first conceding and then receding, his *points* were few and unappreciated, and a very general impression seemed to take hold of the listening minds that "*Trickery*" should have been his lecture's title.

Yours,

Philadelphia, Feb. 23. M. H.

THE WESTERN LECTURERS.—Our western exchanges teem with whole column notices and reports of the lectures of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony. While many of the most popular lyceum lecturers with their effete and antiquated themes are treated to vacant seats, often running the lecture Curators and Committees in debt, they, so far, are greeted with crowded houses and several times have been solicited to give a second lecture. The western people wish to know what are the signs of the *present* time, not the past. With them, mere *literary* lyceum lecturing belongs henceforth to the lost arts.

AT Dunstable, Mass., in 1651, dancing at weddings was forbidden; in 1660 William Walker was imprisoned one month for courting a maid without the leave of her parents; in 1765, because "there is manifest pride appearing in our streets," the wearing of long hair or periwigs, and "superstitious ribbons" was forbidden; also, men were forbidden to "keep Christmas, as it was a Popish custom."

THE Alabama Legislature has passed an act making habitual drunkenness a legal ground for divorce.

NEW YORK CITY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

A LARGE, interesting and informal meeting was held at 140 East 15th street, on Friday afternoon. The parlors were filled with ladies, many of them strangers.

Before the meeting was called to order Madam Marwedel gave an account of the progress of her enterprise, viz.: "A Horticultural School for Girls."

The President (Mrs. Wilbour) gave the ladies full liberty to speak for or against Woman's Suffrage. Mrs. Lane of Boston, President of "The Daughters of St. Crispin," said she was opposed to giving women the ballot without first preparing them by education, although women were quite as well prepared as men, and better than the negro and some foreigners. Mrs. Lane said she had heard Lucy Stone, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Howe and other Boston women lecture upon the wrongs of "Taxation without represention," but she thought that the women who had nothing to be taxed, needed the help of the ballot far more than those who had property. Mrs. Lane expressed a strong desire that the working women should be invited to attend the private meetings of the Suffrage Association.

Mrs. Robert Dale Owen, a good listener, and also a good talker, said many very interesting things, from among which we quote the following: "I advise you energetic women here, not to do all the work of the world yourselves, and in consequence be the mothers of sickly, nervous children. All over the west, healthy women are so overworked that their children are nothing but bundles of nerves."

A portion of the afternoon was spent in considering how southern women could be brought to take an interest in suffrage. The woman who announced her intention of going south next week, and doing what she could to organize small Suffrage Associations, heard a great many very valuable suggestions from thoughtful women. A lady interested in the "House of Mercy" (Yorkville), made some interesting statements concerning the condition of women in the City and Island Hospitals. Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Foot, Mrs. Poole. Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Brink, Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. and Miss Everybody, talked and worked well: how well, ladies interested to hear, are invited to come to 140 East 15th street every Friday afternoon at 2 1-2 o'clock. M.

THE WORKING WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

A WORKING WOMEN'S CONVENTION was held last Thursday afternoon and evening in Cooper Institute. The small hall was filled in the afternoon with the real stalwart sons and daughters of toil, and seldom is seen an assembly more respectably dressed, or of more intelligent faces, or apparently more earnest purposes.

Miss Leonard, of Boston, called the meeting to order. Mrs. Lane was chosen temporary chairman.

The permanent officers of the convention were as follows:

President—Alexander Troup.

Vice-Presidents—Miss Eva P. Howard, of New York; Miss Nancy Whitmore, of Rochester; Miss Mary J. Lynch, of Utica; Mrs. Geo. W. Swift, of Elmira; Mrs. Kate Mulheny, of Troy.

Secretaries—Mr. J. W. Browning, of New York, and Miss Leonard, of New York.

On taking the chair Mr. Troup made some earnest remarks, and the constitution was then read and accepted. Mrs. E. A. Lane, of Boston, read a series of resolutions, declaring the intention of this organization to be to insist upon equal pay for women and men for the same work.

Mr. Stoddard, of Massachusetts, gave some interesting facts on the state of affairs among the "Knights of St. Crispin" in Worcester Massachusetts. Mrs. Somerby spoke of the great inequality of pay to many branches of labor as between men and women, her daughter was now doing work for which a man received $20 a week, while she only received $10, though her employer acknowledged she did the work as well as her predecessor.

Miss Leonard spoke on the necessity of co-operation. Mr. Jessup gave a humorous and very instructive account of the co-operative store of which he was one of the managers.

In the evening the large hall was filled by an audience of real working people, deeply interested in the proceedings.

Mr. Troup opened the meeting with a statement of its objects. Mr. Cummings spoke at some length of the great need there was for a combination in all branches of labor.

Mrs. Lane, of Boston, then read the resolutions, making some pointed and clever observations on each one, and retired amid much applause.

Mrs. Daniels, of Boston, in a very beautiful address spoke of the absolute need there was of the ballot for the production of working women, and of the anticipation she cherished, that this union was the beginning of brighter days for the laboring girls of the country. Mr. Nelson W. Young made a short speech on the utility of organizations. Mrs. Albertson, of Boston, in a very fiery speech, declared there was great necessity of the combination of labor for its protection, and elicited much applause by her energetic remarks.

The officers were again announced and Mr. Browning congratulated the convention on its success. Mrs. Blake was then called for and in response to the invitation to speak, said a few words, expressing her interests in the objects of the convention, and her earnest hope that all classes of working women would join in it, those who worked with head as well as those who worked with hands.

On the whole the convention may be regarded as a success. B.

WORKING WOMEN AND THE BALLOT.

The following is extracted from a private letter sent by Jennie Collins to Miss Anthony, dated Boston, March 10th, 1870:

"Will you send me, please, copies of The Revolution every week. I address ever so many Working Women's meetings, and I shall urge upon them to establish reading-rooms, and debating societies, and subscribe for the paper.

"The factory girls, as far as I am able to communicate with them, understand the full value of the ballot. When I advance the argument that forty-eight thousand girls can stop their looms on the first Tuesday in November, and deposit their votes, an organized body will not dare to reduce their wages twelve cents on the dollar without consulting them.

"Whatever you may see against the working women demanding the ballot, is spoken without the authority of the working women. All classes claiming to be working women, and petitioning against suffrage, or who speak of it indifferently, do so without the authority of *bona fide* working women. I meet and speak with thousands, and I have not as yet heard a dissenting voice, while all tell me unanimously 'you utter our sentiments exactly.' I consider it my duty to the working woman to state this, for I wish no bogus representatives."

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

Dear Revolution: Turning toward the setting sun, at the urgent promptings of a home-sick heart, I left New York the day after your worthy proprietor's noted reception, for my own native Queen City of the West, and the happy light of bright-eyed faces, and the soft touch of "baby fingers," that so patiently had waited the mother-coming. The journey—you know what—was in all its paraphælite tedium, with no divertisement therefrom but to look out of the window upon the snow-clad "eternal hills," and study the so-often-conned physiognomy of one's *compagnons de voyage* within. There was the crotchetty individual who wanted the window open, and his phthisicky neighbor who insisted on having it closed; the traditional fat man who sleeps and snores, and the nervous one whose quick, furtive, wide-awake glances inspire the believer that he is a pickpocket, and causes one to look quickly after his pocket-book. You smile at a sweet-faced Phyllis and her love-enamored swain billing and cooing in the farthest seat, and bringing unconsciously back to the minds of the older passengers "the tender grace of a day that is dead"; the inevitable blue silk bonnet with its accompanying garden of full-blown roses crowning the hard-visaged, wearied features of some *un*-strong-minded don't-want-to-vote female genus homo; a well-preserved beau Brummell chewing carramels, and a dainty exquisite, gracefully sandwiched between a bread-and-butter-faced demoiselle and a young muffin-like complexioned Sixteenth Amendment. And then there was the usual exceptional element—generally monadical in its nature—and in this instance taking the form of a "tattling old man" (not in the Shakspearian sense we use the quotation), whose peculiar enunciation would have proclaimed his nativity, if his bitter denunciation of the radical power that, like an unmitigated tyrant, was crushing the oppressed, noble-hearted southerner, had not indubitably have done so. Although he talked daggers, he used nor looked none, and before his venerable white hair and kindly blue eyes, my cultivated, womanly reserve melted away like mist before the genial sunshine (that simile is not so original but you may have heard it before), and I found myself chatting with the kind, good soul with all the familiarity of a woman's pent-up volubility, forgetting to be surprised at my temerity. In the course of my acquaintance we talked of everything under the sun, from the Red River rebellion to Fechter's Hamlet, and finally fell to discussing the ever-important theme, Woman's Suffrage. And when, in the course of conversation, I casually mentioned that I had seen and known Susan B. Anthony—in fact, I had attended her birthday reception—he looked in my face with an expression one would naturally assume if gazing at a tenant fledging from another world—Hades, perhaps—and had seen what eye hath not seen, and heard what ear hath not heard—and with an emphasis peculiarly suggestive, asked, "What did she look like—what did she say and do, and *how was she dressed?*" And when, on my word of honor, I assured him that she looked, acted and dressed like the most ordinary, humble-minded piece of maiden femininity he could imagine, a look of incredulity passed over his benign features and, settling himself back in his seat in a self-convincing way, sighed an interrogative well? as a preliminary to the not-to-be-questioned opinion that, *he* would not go within ten feet of a strong-minded female, nor a masculine-trained literary woman. I laughed a low, quiet laugh, and thought of the kind hands that had, during the day, tucked the warm shawls nicely around me when I settled myself for a nap, and how those same hands had kindly brought me my cup of tea and sandwich, and saved me the trouble of going into the men-crowded supper-room (query—How much worse than this will it be for a woman to go alone to the polls to deposit her ballot, supposing they remain, if 'twere possible, at their present status?) and the many other little attentions that an unprotected female finds herself obliged to receive from her natural(?) protector, *man*, and made answer, that I laid claims to much sympathy, at least, with the so-called strong-minded, and to write for the newspapers was my especial avocation. With that look of perplexity that the fair lady may have worn, of whom Milton sang, when lost in the wilderness, he cried: "Impossible—why you look and act just like other women, and do *not* wear bloomers." I smiled sweetly and said to this horribly benighted son of Adam, that bloomers were not necessary to the cause, and then opening upon him my mental guns of heaviest calibre, and arguing with much learning, grace and eloquence, I left him, to use a Methodistic phrase, under conviction—and following the example of a kindly-intentioned old lady who, learning, at a recent revival, that I was not orthodox in my beliefs, made me promise to read the third chapter of John, pray a certain prayer and attend a certain church at a certain time. So I insisted that my friend should read *all* the tracts and papers I sent him, attend *all* the conventions within his reach, and finally to pray, and offer up living sacrifices at the altar of the "maiden Mars," that his wicked heart might be changed, and his many sins against her forever condoned.

Arriving at Columbus, several of my legislative friends boarded the train, who told me that the convention recently held in that city had created a greater sensation in this Golgotha of our state, than Hammond—the great evangelist, so-called—in his protracted revivals. The Solons had been strangely agitated by the incontrovertible reasonings of Lucy Stone, excited by the grand eloquence of Mrs. Livermore, and lastly convinced by the sweet ways of Miriam Cole. And since which time strange and unheard-of proceedings have taken place before the House in favor of Woman Suffrage. All of which only corroborates my theory that conventions are good things, and cannot be too numerous; for two-thirds go out of curiosity who never would think of reading a tract or a woman's paper, and nine-tenths come away with a flea in their ear. So keep the ball moving in the right direction. I cannot close this rambling, long-drawn-out, much-ado-about-a-little, without suggesting what to me seems a practical idea, viz.: Let there be inaugurated in every city and town, where they do not already exist, a Woman's Bureau, and let the members thereof hold, at least once in two weeks, an informal reception where women can go and hear those questions discussed in a social way,

and state their objections thereto, if they possess any; and the ball might be opened by the bureau head-centre continuing the receptions as inaugurated on Susan's fiftieth birthday.

Yours in a good cause, MARY WORTLEY.

THE JUDGMENT SHROUD.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

I COMMENCE my screed to-day with an extract from a note written me by some anonymous Dear Creature, in a very fine vein of irony, with reference to a remark in my letter of last Sunday. D. C. says:

* * * What worries me is that my shroud may be all out of fashion when Gabriel blows his trumpet. What shall I do? I am a fashionable young lady, a girl, or geurl, of the period; and I can't endure the thought of appearing in an old-fashioned shroud at the day of judgment. What will Mrs. Grundy and Fitz Foodle say? O, dear me! I am getting frantic over the bare idea. Tell me quickly what I shall do, or I fear they will send me to Jacksonville. Dear P. P., if you have a spark of humanity left, tell me how to escape this dreadful thing. Can't you send ahead and get the style which will prevail there. I remember that last summer you went over to hell and came home unsinged. Now, do go to the day of judgment and ask Mrs. Gabriel what she will wear that day, and how she will have it cut and made. Don't lose any time, and oblige,

Yours ever, L. L.

I will tell my unknown friend what will be the fashion of shrouds at the day of judgment. It will be a fashion which came into vogue with Eve, and will endure until the last woman has suffered the last sorrow and shed the last tear. It is a fashion which has never been out of date, and is independent of time and caprice. It is a fashion Mrs. Grundy does not wear and cannot wear; and it never will be worn very generally until that odious, detestable woman dies. And it will be the greatest blessing this world has ever experienced when that old creature gives up her silly ghost. It is a fashion which confers ineffable beauty and grace upon the wearer; and yet few wear it. It is a fashion which is appropriate at all times and in all places. It is a fashion which looks well in the glitter and crush of the salon, in the enchantments of the home circle, in the dingy squalor of poverty, and by the side of the dying.

And if I were called upon to describe this fashion, which neither milliner nor *modiste* can make, I should say my dear, that you cannot wear it unless you are a lady—not lady in its indiscriminate application, for then it has no meaning, but a gentle-lady, or better still, a gentle-woman. Let your life be gentle and sweet as the flowers. Let your love be pure as the snow. Let your faith be as firm as the rocks. Let your hope be steadfast as the hills. Let your charity be all-embracing as the sunlight. Recognize humanity everywhere and in all conditions. Think that under the same circumstances you might have been the Perdita, floating down the current with white face upturned to the pitying stars—the Traviata, with love in her bright eyes and eternal snow in her heart, drawing the social moths about her—the Borgia, in her cell, with blood upon her white fingers. Be true to yourself. Make home the most blessed spot on earth, so beautiful and attractive that none of yours shall desire to leave it, and that the wanderers, under whatever stars they may roam, shall always look back to its beacon light as their surest hope. Let your love and your prayers always go with those of the home circle, so that in all dark hours, even in that blackest one of despair, they may see the clouds lifting, and know that in the old home nest there is love for them still, and that the same arms which zoned them about when their whole world was in your eyes, still yearn to enfold them and to comfort them in the sweet peace of a mother's blessing. Let the sick listen with eager ears for the sound of your quiet footfalls, and the dying bless you, as they enter into the shadows of that land, so far away from us that we cannot see it, so near to them that their eyes are blinded with its glory. Let your face be a perpetual command, and your hand a constant benediction. Let your aspirations always be pure, and your friendship a pearl not to be bestowed upon every seeker. Be sensitive only to be right; proud only to be unselfish; cruel only to be kind; imperious only to be obeyed. Be gentle and tender to all things which breathe the breath of God's life; for, if the sparrow which falls in his flight be worthy of His notice, it is worthy of your love. Rule like Mary, and serve like Martha, and enforce authority with the sceptre of obedience, plucking the flower of queenliness from the thorns of submission. Be a woman in all womanly things, commanding manly respect by womanly prerogative.

This should be the fashion of your shroud, my dear, when Gabriel blows his trumpet. And wearing this pattern of shroud, it makes little difference whether you die to-day or to-morrow. At this moment, while you are reading this, you have lived long enough. Clothed in these garments it matters little whether you sleep under marble obelisk, or in ground so forgotten that only the birds know where you are lying; whether you take the last farewell from the hands and lips of friends around you, or close your tired eyes alone; whether you find rest among the sea-tangles and corals, or under the familiar flowers of home, which you have loved through your life, and which will repay that love by clothing your turf with their beauty and fragrance.

Each one of us, my dear, is weaving his or her shroud as we go along in life. Weave into it, then, only good deeds and good words and gentle graces, love for this and pity for that, faith at the Cross and hope at the Sepulchre, and you will be in fashion when Gabriel sounds his trumpet and we all say good-bye to this dear old world, which is so beautiful and so pleasant.

GEN. BUTLER has recommended for a West Point cadetship, a colored youth named Charles Sumner Wilson, of Salem, Mass. He is a graduate of the Salem High School, and his father was killed in battle while serving in the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts. Butler, Sumner, Wilson, and the lad colored, too, form a striking coincidence, truly, and most significant. Forts Wagner and Pillow, Olustee and Port Hudson earned a good many colored cadetships. Let them be paid.

MISS ANTHONY AT PEORIA.—The Peoria papers report Miss Anthony's hotel interview and receptions as well as lectures. A number of influential ladies decided to call a Woman's Suffrage Convention of the county, in that city, on Tuesday the 15th inst., Miss Anthony promising to return and help them organize a County Association.

WOMAN'S INDIVIDUALITY.—Miss Harriette A. Keyser will give a lecture in Cooper Institute, on Monday evening, 21st inst., at 8 o'clock. Subject, Woman s Individuality.

MISS ANNIE BLAIR has just retired from the post office in Waltham, Mass., after holding the position most honorably to herself and satisfactorily to the public for a period of seven years. Her friends gave her an elegant soiree and a purse with three hundred and fifty dollars as a testimonial to her fidelity and ability while holding the office.

A BLUNDER, OR WORSE.—Does Mr. Representative Cullom intend to disfranchise, by his bill excluding polygamists from suffrage, all the newly enfranchised women in Utah? If he did not, the bill is a blunder. If he did, it is something far worse, if worse be possible.

LAMENTATIONS.—"A. Hunker" has come to this:

"Pity the sorrows of the poor old man!"
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where Phillips and Sumner have all their own way;
Where Senates hold Negroes while I am left out,
And where even the women now put me to rout!

THREE ladies of Coldwater, Mich., are studying law, Mrs. Theresa M. Ketchel, Mrs. Celia Wooley and Miss M. Perry, and one, Miss McMahon is studying medicine.

A COLORED lecturess by the name of Caroline Hooper is holding forth in South Carolina on "The Work Before Us."

MISS PAULINE GRANVILLE has received an order from the King of Prussia for nursing wounded soldiers at Kissingen.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-machine about ten years ago, and while learning to use it without instruction, broke one needle; after that, for more than nine years, I had the machine in almost daily use, doing all the family sewing and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the machine, without breaking a needle. My machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a worrisome babe in my lap, working many fabrics of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men's and boys' clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital, and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude of life, my machine has become as it were a part of my being.

Mexico, N. Y. MRS. M. L. PECK.

LITERARY.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE. The March number contains about a dozen brief but well-written articles; one of the best by Mrs. Gage, whose long and prostrating illness seems to have dealt more tenderly with her mental and spiritual powers than might have been feared. New York: W. P. Tomlinson, 30 Nassau street. $1.50 a year.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. New York: Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway. $4 a year; 3 copies, $10. All that need be said of this number is, that it is worthy its past history, but that the April will doubtless exceed it, if possible, as at that time Mr. Parke Godwin will have assumed the editorial department.

A WOMAN CANNOT PRACTICE LAW OR HOLD ANY OFFICE IN ILLINOIS. A full report of the proceedings in the Supreme Court of Illinois upon the application of Myra Bradwell to be admitted to the bar. Chicago: Church, Goodman & Donnelley, Printers. A document well worth preserving.

A JUBILEE DISCOURSE delivered at the celebration of the

Semi-centennial Anniversary of the Linophilian Society in Monson Academy, June 29, 1869, by Rev. Carlos C. Carpenter. Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles & Company, Printers.

HERALD OF HEALTH. The March number has contributions by Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Evans, Dr. Snodgrass, Rev. C. H. Brigham and others. New York: Wood & Holbrook, 15 Laight street. $2 a year.

JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. Vol. 4., No. 1. St. Louis: E. P. Gray. New York: John Wiley & Sons. This is one of the best issues of this valuable magazine that has yet appeared.

THE NATIONAL NORMAL. An Educational Monthly. R. H. Holbrook, T. C. Mendenhall and Sarah J. Porter, Editors. Cincinnati, Ohio. $1.50 a year.

ENGINEERING AND MINING JOURNAL. Weston & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. $4 a year. Invaluable to miners, engineers and mechanics.

MERRY'S MUSEUM. An illustrated magazine for boys and girls; and truly one of the very best. Boston: H. B. Fuller. $1.50 a year.

NEW YORK TEACHER and American Educational Monthly. Schermerhorn & Co., 14 Bond street. $1.50 per annum.

EXCELSIOR. A Monthly Magazine. New York: C. L. Van Allen, 171 Broadway. $1 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Sons. $2 a year.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible fo their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

It is generally regarded as a grevious burden and curse. Jay Cooke is charged with saying it was a national blessing, but failing to boldly advocate the idea, seems to repudiate it. In my view, its character depends entirely upon the manner in which it is managed. If the people are ground down with heavy taxation to pay interest and principal, and their industrial interests are not fostered, then the debt becomes a frightful burthen and productive of immense injury to the great interests of the country.

Such, it appears to me, is the object of many to make it. Bondholders and officeholders having a fixed and certain income, find their interests promoted by distressing the people, because if property is reduced in value, their money has greater purchasing power. They become masters of the situation. If a man wants to sell his property to pay his taxes or debts, they can dictate the price. If he is compelled to borrow money, they can dictate the terms. They, paying no taxes nor interest money, feel but little mercy. Not knowing any suffering themselves, they very complacently imagine none to exist, or taking a more selfish view of it, think mankind are only selfish and mercenary beings, each ready to devour the other, and he who gets the most is the best fellow. They thus become petty despots, and think all men are fools who worship any other god than mammon.

Secretary Boutwell seems with President Grant to think and treat the debt as a burden, and the quickest way of getting relief from it is to pay it. His integrity cannot be questioned, and his ability gives him great influence with Congress and the people.

It is deeply to be regretted that he takes this view of it. Whilst he no doubt will do all in his power to mitigate the evil which he thinks the debt is doing to the people, yet the position he takes, is of itself the one that makes the evil. He assumes that there is no way of treating it, except as an evil to be exterminated as easily and speedily as possible.

Were he to take the other view of the matter, he might be the instrument of converting this evil into a blessing. Like the raging cataract which wastes its energies in destroying the country it might otherwise bless, until some masterly mind conceives the idea of confining its banks and utilizing its power, by making it turn the wheel of productive industry; so our national debt can be productive of immense injury or benefit to our country simply as it is controlled and managed. Secretary Boutwell, if a practical man, will study out and see some of the advantages he can, by the aid of Congress, easily make it serve our people. These I have adverted to previously, but they cannot be too often restated or kept too plainly in view, and hence will again mention them.

1st. Our national debt is a bond of union to our States, more potent than any compact or ratification they can otherwise make. Had it existed ten years since, the rebellion would have been almost an impossibility, or had it existed thirty to fifty years since, the doctrines of secession would have never ripened and culminated. Let us be certain that we have some other bond of union good as this before we dispense with it.

2d. Our national policy and the habits of our people being averse to hoarding up the specie yielded by our mines (for we are spendthrifts rather than misers), we need and always have wanted some basis of securities that will command public confidence.

A mighty nation as ours has become, repudiating as we do the systems of passports, espionage, armed soldiery, and the myriad restrictions of a state and church despotism which are used to stifle the voice of liberty, and with it the spirit of enterprise, needs, as I have already shown, and was by the rebellion! compelled to adopt, a new system of finance discarding coin. The want of banking capital, securities for annuities, estates and other trust funds of a permanent nature, can in no way be rendered so safe or so easily managed as by an irreducible government debt. The debt thus becomes an adjunct to or financial agent which serves the best possible purposes, in all these fiducial capacities. Hence, if it was paid, the want of it would be so great that active and unscrupulous means would (it no better could be found) very likely be employed to create another very speedily. Politicians having had a taste of blood, will scheme up some plan for getting it again. This matter ought likewise to be seriously considered before it is too late.

3d. Under the views just advanced, the present debt is a blessing, and to prevent convulsions and serve the highest purposes of domestic economy, ought to be treated as coin. For many classes of purposes it should draw no interest, and for others draw different rates of interest, and should be legal tender for most if not for all. By making it convertible into the various forms that would be found a necessity, it would aid business purposes admirably. Its magnitude is just sufficient to answer our wants fully, and as long as wisely managed, would enjoy public confidence generally, and prove as useful to our people as two billions of gold dug from our mines. Our strong box, as President Grant says, contains enough of the precious metals for all, and we now generally permit everybody to dig them who wants them. Like the kingdom of Heaven, they can be had for the asking, or even less, and if pushed for gold, we have simply to dig for it, and take all we please.

4th. Drawing no interest for the most of purposes, the burden would be very light and scarcely felt, and being irreducible, we should have a uniform amount of ballast for all adventures. This would permit all classes to press on full sail, and thus make speedy and prosperous voyages with no danger of shipwreck. Calms and stagnation never give success. Full sail and plenty of ballast do wonders for commerce and trade.

5th. Panics and convulsions have always resulted from coin being in the hands of irresponsible and uncontrollable agents. The bears and bulls are perpetually seeking to create alarms and cause panics. When they succeed, people rush for their coin, and of course cannot all be paid. Like a panic on ship-board, the life-boats are overloaded and swamped. People rarely want their funds if they know they are safe, and financial panics can never occur again if our government continues to protect the people as it is now doing and as we are urging to have continued. Their interests are no longer afloat, or in the hands of irresponsible agents, and life-boats are therefore unnecessary. No shipwrecks can occur on the land, and as I view it, we should never trust the unstable and fickle elements again.

6th. Admitting all the foregoing reasons to be fallacious, let me inquire if it is just that this generation should pay much of the debt? We have already made enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure more for future than present good, and this ought to be a sufficient reason for exempting us for a decade at least. Then, too, the growth of population and wealth will lighten the load greatly. The south has thus far contributed scarcely anything towards the vast sums we have already paid. She escaped wholly from her share of our burdens, during the four years of war, and has been so impoverished as to be unable to contribute much since. The expense of all rebellions when crushed, has hitherto been assessed upon the property of the rebels, but with rare magnanimity, our nation has forgotten and forgiven our erring brethren. The south must, however, soon be able to help the north considerably towards paying the debt. All these reasons show an injustice in obliging the north to be loaded down with taxation to pay any of it at present.

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